Serfojee Rajah

THE

WORKS

Maharajah OF

SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING,

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
The MERCHANT of VENICE.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
The TAMING of the SHREW.

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M.DCC.LXXI.

1771

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Pedro, *Prince of Arragon.*
Leonato, *Governor of Messina.*
Don John, *bastard-brother to Don Pedro.*
Claudio, *a young Lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.*
Benedick, *a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.*
Balthazar, *servant to Don Pedro.*
Antonio, *brother to Leonato.*
Borachio, *confident to Don John.*
Conrade, *friend to Borachio.*
Dogberry, Verges, *two foolish officers.*
Hero, *daughter to Leonato,*
Beatrice, *niece to Leonato.*
Margaret, Ursula, *two gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina in Sicily.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A court before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *with a messenger.*

Leon. I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called *Claudio.*

* The story from Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* l. 5. Mr *Pope.*

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto * returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenge'd Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. "I pray you, how many hath "he kill'd and eaten in these wars? but how many "hath he kill'd? for indeed I promis'd to eat all of "his killing."

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

Beat. "You had musty victuals, and he hath holp "to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath "an excellent stomach."

Mess. And a good soldier too, Lady.

* She gives him this name, to ridicule in him the character of a blustering soldier, the word *montante* in Spanish signifying a *two-handed sword*.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo, indeed: he is no leſs than a ſtuff'd man: but for the ſtuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: ſo that, if he have wit enough to keep himſelf from harm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible; he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Meſſ. I ſee, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. "No; an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. "But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there "no young ſquarer now that will make a voyage with "him to the devil?"

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the Right Noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe; he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the Noble Claudio, if he have caught the Benedick; it will coſt him a thouſand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approach'd.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and* *Don* John.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly; I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you aſk'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.—

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick; we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man: truly the lady fathers herſelf; be happy, Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, Signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible Diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to Diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is Courteſy a turn-coat; but it is certain I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene-

Bene. God keep your Ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratch'd face.

Beat. "Scratching could not make it worſe, an "'twere ſuch a face as your's were."

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of your's.

Bene. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer; but keep your way o' God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all; I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

SCENE III.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young Lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgement? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, ſpeak in ſober judgement.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe is too low for an high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation I can

" afford her, that were she other than she is, she were " unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do " not like her."

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport; I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into: but speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us, Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her cousin, if she were not possess'd with such a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? Go to; i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

SCENE IV. *Re-enter Don* Pedro.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's house?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio, I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance:—he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark, how short his answer is, with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor

'twas

'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine,

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretic in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldric, all women ſhall pardon me; becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do myſelf the right to truſt none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. " With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger,
" my Lord, not with love: prove, that ever I loſe more
" blood with love, than I will get again with drink-
" ing, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen,
" and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for
" the ſign of blind Cupid."

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and call'd Adam *.

* Alluding to one Adam Bell, a famous archer of old.

Pedro.

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try; in time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may; but if ever the ſenſible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire,* let them ſignify under my ſign, *Here you may ſee Benedick the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not ſpent all his quiver in Venice *, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporiſe with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage, and ſo I commit you ———

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my houſe, if I had it, ———

Pedro. The ſixth of July, your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

* Beſides that Venice is as remarkable for freedoms in amorous intrigues as Cyprus was of old, there may be a farther conjecture why this expreſſion is here uſed. The Italians give to each of their principal cities a particular diſtinguiſhing title, as, *Roma la ſanta, Napoli la gentile, Genoua la ſuperba,* &c. and among the reſt it is, *Venetia la ricca, Venice the wealthy.* A ſarcaſm therefore ſeems to be here implied, that money governs love.

Claud.

Claud. Hath Leonato any ſon, my Lord?
Pedro. No child but Hero, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, Claudio?
Claud. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.
Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair Hero, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her: and with her father,
And thou ſhalt have her: was't not to this end
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?
Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.
Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity;
Look, what will ſerve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine.
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother, where is my couſin your ſon? hath he provided this muſic?

Ant.

Ant. He is very busy about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them, but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: The Prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it. Cousins, you know what you have to do. [*Several cross the stage here.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me, and I will use your skill; good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to an apartment in Leonato's *house.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. What the good-jer, my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for

for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, till you may do it without controlement. You have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf; it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am truſted with a muzzel, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? what is he for a fool, that betrothes himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chick! How come you to this?

Bora.

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio hand in hand in ſad conference. I whipt behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince ſhould woo Hero for himſelf; and having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death, my Lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater that I am ſubdu'd; would the cook were of my mind!——Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A hall in Leonato's *houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

Leon. WAS not Count John here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other too like my Lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face——

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curs'd.

Beat. Too curs'd is more than curs'd. I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, God ſends a curs'd cow ſhort horns; but to a cow too curs'd, he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curs'd, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt if he ſend me no huſband; for the which bleſſing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a huſband that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is leſs than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take ſixpence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell *.

Ant. Well, niece, I truſt, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my couſin's duty to make curtſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſes you;* but yet for all that, couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another curtſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſes me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a huſband.

Beat. Not till God make men of ſome other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none; Adam's ſons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

* ——into hell.
Leon. Well then, go you into hell.——
Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and ſay, Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids. So deliver I up my apes, and away to St. Peter, for the heav'ns; he ſhews me where the bachelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.
Ant. Well, niece, &c.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if the Prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſic, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time. If the Prince be too importunate, tell him, there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer: for hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a Scotch jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace; the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, till he ſinks into his grave.

Leon. Couſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The ravellers are entering, brother; make good room.

S C E N E II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and others in maſquerade.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am your's for the walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

Pedro. My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

Pedro. *Speak low, if you ſpeak love* *.

Balth. Well; I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

* This ſeems to be a line quoted from a ſong or ſome verſes commonly known at that time.

Marg. I fay my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry *Amen.*

Marg. God match me with a good dancer?

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my fight when the dance is done! Anfwer, clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is anfwer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him fo ill-well, unlefs you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itfelf! Go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you fo?

Bene. No, you fhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was difdainful, and that I had my good wit out of *The hundred merry tales*; well, this was Signior Benedick that faid fo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am fure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jefter; a very dull fool, only his gift is in devifing impaffable flanders. None but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleafeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am fure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you fay.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparifon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ftrikes him into melancholy and then there's a partridge-wing fav'd, for the fool will eat no fupper that night. We muft follow the leaders. [*Mufic within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it; the ladies follow her, and but one vifor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio; I know him by his bearing.

John. Are you not Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on Hero: I pray you, diffuade him from her, fhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeft man in it.

Claud. How know ye he loves her?

John. I heard him fwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he fwore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John *and* Bor.

Claud. Thus anfwer I in name of Benedick,
But hear this ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain fo, the Prince wooes for himfelf.
Friendfhip is conftant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love ufe your own tongues!
Let every eye negotiate for itfelf,
And truft no agent; beauty is a witch,
Againft whofe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miftrufted not. Farewel then, Hero!

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, Count What faſhion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an uſurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? you muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt

Claud If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowle! now will he creep into ſedges. But, that my Lady Beatrice ſhould know me, and not know me! The Prince's fool! ha? it may be I go under that title, becauſe I am merry; yea, but ſo I am apt to do myſelf wrong. I am not ſo reputed. It is the baſe (tho' bitter) diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out; well, I'll be revenge'd as I may.

SCENE IV. *Enter Don* Pedro.

Pedro Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my Lord, I have play'd the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him, (and I think I told him true), that your Grace had got the will of this young lady; and I offer'd him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken; or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? The tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that dance'd with her told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. "O, she misus'd me past the indurance of a "block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would "have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume "life, and scold with her; she told me, not thinking "I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, and "that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest "upon jest, with such impassable conveyance upon me, "that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole ar- "my shooting at me: she speaks poniards, and every "word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her "terminations, there were no living near her; she "would infect to the north-star." I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so indeed all disquiet, horror and perturbation follow her.

SCENE V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of

of Aſia; bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fe-ch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any ambaſſage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a diſh I love not. I cannot endure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have loſt the heart of Signior Benedick

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him uſe for it, a double heart for a ſingle one; marry, once before he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your Grace may well ſay I have loſt it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and ſomething of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I' faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.——

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy; I were but little happy if I could ſay how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am your's; I give away myſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat.

Beat. Speak, cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry *Heigh ho!* for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day: but I beseech your Grace pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle: by your Grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

SCENE VI.

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven-night; and a time too brief too to have all things anſwer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time ſhall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules's labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero I will do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my couſin to a good huſband

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopfulleſt huſband that I know.. Thus far I can praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on Benedick, that in deſpight of his quick wit, and his queaſy ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to another apartment in Leonato's houſe.

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. It is ſo, the Count Claudio ſhall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can croſs it.

John Any bar, any crofs, any impediment, will be medicinable to me; I am fick in difpleafure to him; and whatfoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canft thou crofs this marriage?

Bora Not honeftly, my Lord; but fo covertly, that no difhonefty fhall appear in me.

John Shew me briefly how.

Bora I think I told your Lordfhip a year fince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John I remember.

Bora I can, at any unfeafonable inftant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poifon of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince your brother; fpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio (whofe eftimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated ftale fuch a one as Hero.

John. What proof fhall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to mifufe the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other iffue?

John. Only to defpite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio, as in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, (who is thus like to be cozen'd with the femblance of a maid), that you have difcover'd thus. They will hardly believe this without trial: offer them inftances, which fhall bear no lefs likelihood than to fee me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret *Hero*; hear Margaret term me *Borachio*; and bring them to fee this the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will fo fafhion the matter, that Hero fhall be abfent; and there fhall appear fuch feeming truths of Hero's difloyalty, that

jealoufy

jealoufy fhall be called affurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverfe iffue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thoufand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conftant in the accufation, and my cunning fhall not fhame me.

John. I will prefently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Leonato's orchard.*

Enter Benedick, *and a boy.*

Bene. Boy,——

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit boy.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again.——I do much wonder, that one man, feeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at fuch fhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own fcorn, by falling in love! and fuch a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no mufic with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot to fee a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fafhion of a new doublet. He was wont to fpeak plain, and to the purpofe, like an honeft man and a foldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantaftical banquet, juft fo many ftrange difhes. May I be fo converted, and fee with thefe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be fworn, but love may transform me to an oifter; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oifter of me, he fhall never make me fuch a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wife, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But till all graces be in one woman, one woman fhall not come in my grace. Rich fhe fhall be, that's certain; " wife, or I'll none; vir-

" tuous,

" tuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never " look on her;" mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good difcourfe, an excellent mufician, and her hair fhall be of what colour it pleafe God *. Ha! the Prince and Monfieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. Come fhall we hear this mufic?

Claud. Yea, my good Lord; how ftill the evening is,
As hufh'd on purpofe to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himfelf?

Claud. O very well, my Lord; the mufic ended,
We'll fit the hid fox with a pennyworth.

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that fong again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not fo bad a voice
To flander mufic any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witnefs ftill of excellency,
To put a ftrange face on his own perfection;
I pray thee, fing; and let me woo no more †.

The SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, figh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on fea, and one on fhore,
To one thing conftant never:

* Hinting fatirically at the art ufed by ladies in dying their hair of a colour different from what it is by nature.

† ———woo no more.

Balth. Becaufe you talk of wooing, I will fing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his fuit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he fwear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, thefe are very crotchets that he fpeaks,
Note, notes, forfooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his foul ravifh'd! Is it not ftrange, that fheeps guts fhould hale fouls out of mens bodies? Well, a horn, for my money; when all's done.

The SONG, &c.

I *Then*

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blyth and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer was first leafy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. "If he had been a dog, that should have "howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I "pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief:" I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord [*Exit* Balthazar.

Pedro. Do so: farewel. Come hither, Leonato; what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;——stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an inraged affection,—it is past the definite of thought.——

Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never coun-

terfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fiſh will bite [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my Lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had, my Lord; eſpecially againſt Benedick.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it; knavery cannot ſure hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and ſwears ſhe never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, ſo your daughter ſays: ſhall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This ſays ſhe now, when ſhe is beginning to write to him; for ſhe'll be up twenty times a-night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—— when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found Benedick and Beatrice between the ſheet.

Claud. That——

Leon. O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs,

ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet Benedick! God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter ſays ſo; and the ecſtaſy hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid ſhe will do deſperate outrage to herſelf: it is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

Pedro. If he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet lady, and (out of all ſuſpicion) ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other reſpects, and made her half myſelf. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks ſurely ſhe will die; for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not, and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſſneſs.

Pedro. She doth well; if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wiſe.

Pedro. He doth indeed ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I aſſure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them

with a Chriſtian-like fear *. Well, I am ſorry for your niece: ſhall we go ſeek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible, ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not doat on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry; the ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be merely a dumb ſhow. Let us ſend her to call him to dinner. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. Benedick *advances from the arbour.*

Bene.—"This can be no trick, the conference was
"ſadly borne; they have the truth of this from Hero;
"they ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems her affections
"have the full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be re-
"quited. I hear how I am cenſur'd: they ſay I will
"bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from
"her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give
"any ſign of affection.——I did never think to marry
"——I muſt not ſeem proud——Happy are they that
"hear their detractions, and can put them to mend-
"ing. They ſay the lady is fair; 'tis a truth I can
"bear them witneſs: and virtuous;—'tis ſo, I cannot

*———— a Chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do; for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, &c.

"reprove

" reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me—by my troth, " it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument " of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. " —I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and rem- " nants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo " long againſt marriage. But doth not the appetite " alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he " cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, " and theſe paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from " the career of his humour? no; the world muſt be " peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a bachelor, I " did not think I ſhould live till I were marry'd. Here " comes Beatrice: by this day, ſhe's a fair lady; I do " ſpy ſome marks of love in her."

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: you have no ſtomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner*;—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me*:—that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew; I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

Hero. GOOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour, There ſhalt thou find my couſin Beatrice, Propoſing with the Prince and Claudio;

Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid hear steal into the pleached bower,
' Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
' Forbid the sun to enter; like to favourites,
' Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
' Against that power that bred it:' there will she hide
To listen our purpose: this is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, presently.
[*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice; of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin.

Enter Beatrice, *running towards the arbour.*

For look, where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for Beatrice, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then we go near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
No, truly, Ursula, she's too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the Prince, and my new-trothed Lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,

To

To wiſh him wreſtle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urſ. Why did you ſo? doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice.
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endeared.

Urſ. Sure I think ſo;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth. I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward. ' If fair-face'd,
' She'd ſwear the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
' If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
' Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
' If low, an aglet very vilely cut;
' If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
' If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.'
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Urſ. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; for to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Urſ. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,

And

And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion.
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.

Urſ. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit
As ſhe is priz'd to have), as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urſ. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Urſ. His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to-morrow; come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires, and have thy counſel
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.

Urſ. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupids kill with arrows, ſome with traps.
[*Exeunt.*

Beatrice, *advancing.*

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden-pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, thy kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Leonato's houſe.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Pedro. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud.

Claud. I'll bring you thither my Lord, if you'll vouchfafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new glofs of your marriage, as to fhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company: for, from the crown of his head to the fole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ftring, and the little hangman dare not fhoot at him: he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue fpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So fay I; methinks you are fadder.

Claud. I hope he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love if he be fad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muft hang it firft, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What! figh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can mafter a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet fay I, he is in love.

Pedro. " There is no appearance of fancy in him, " unlefs it be a fancy that he hath to ftrange difguifes; " as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-mor- " row; or in the fhape of two countries at once; a " German from the waift downward, all flops; and " a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet." Unlefs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with fome woman, there is no believing old figns: he brufhes his hat o'mornings; what fhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man feen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been feen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ftuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did by the loſs of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet; can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now govern'd by ſtops——

Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She ſhall be bury'd with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aſide with me; I have ſtudy'd eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear. [*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even ſo. Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

SCENE II. *Enter Don* John.

John. My Lord and brother, God ſave you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it pleaſe you; yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your Lordſhip to be marry'd to-morrow? [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know he does.

John.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcover it.

John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage; ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of), the lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even ſhe; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Diſloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs. I could ſay ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it; wonder not till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her, then to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Pedro. I will not think it ——

John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know; if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

John. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes; bear it coldly but till night, and let the iſſue ſhew itſelf.

Pedro. O day untowardly turn'd!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

John.

John. O plague right well prevented!
So you will ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacole: God hath bleſſed you with a good name; and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, Maſter Conſtable——

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your anſwer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is more need of ſuch vanity: you are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the conſtable of the watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn: this is your charge: you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand!

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's ſubjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's ſubjects. You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in

the ſtreets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable, and not to be endur'd

2 *Watch* "We will rather ſleep than talk; we know "what belongs to a watch."

Dogb. "Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt "quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping "ſhould offend; only have a care that your bills be "not ſtolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-"houſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to "bed."

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him by virtue of your office to be no true man; and for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will de defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge: you, conſtable, are to preſent the Prince's own perſon; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knows the ſtatutes, he may ſtay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for indeed the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, maſters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counſels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge; let us go ſit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

SCENE V. *Enter* Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What? Conrade——

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay.

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a ſcab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an anſwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thouſand ducats.

Conr. Is it poſſible that any villany ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villain ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora.

Bora. That ſhews, thou art unconfirm'd; thou knoweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the faſhion.

Conr. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh, I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool; but ſee'ſt thou not, what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that deformed; he has been a vile thief theſe ſeven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſome body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, ſometimes faſhioning them like Pharaoh's ſoldiers in the reechy painting; ſometimes like the God Bel's prieſts in the old church window; ſometimes like the ſhaven Hercules * in the ſmirch worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his codpiece ſeems as maſſy as his club.

Conr. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night—I tell this tale vildly—I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don John, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſs'd them; partly by the dark night, which did deceive them; but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any ſlander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; ſwore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, ſhame

 her

* Meaning Samſon.

her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch*. We charge you in the Prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch*. Call up the right Master Constable; we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch*. And one deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, Masters,——

2 *Watch*. You'll be made bring deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters,——

1 *Watch*. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI. Hero's *apartment in* Leonato's *house*.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit*.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of your's; cloth of gold and cuts, and lace'd with silver, set with pearls down-sleeves, side sleeves and skirts,

round

round underborne with a bluiſh tinſel; but for a fine, queint, graceful, and excellent faſhion, your's is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of ſpeaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me ſay (ſaving your reverence) a huſband. If bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a huſband? None, I think, if it be the right huſband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy. Aſk my Lady Beatrice elſe, here ſhe comes.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o'love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o'love* with your heels; then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, if you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the Count ſent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am [illegible] couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſs'd apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus? why *Benedictus?* you have ſome moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thiſtle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedict was ſuch another, and now is he become a man. He ſwore he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz. good Meg, good Urſula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Another apartment in* Leonato's *houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you [illegible].

Leon.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you fee, 'tis a bufy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, Sir, fpeaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not fo blunt, as, God help, I would defire they were; but, in faith, as honeft as the fkin between his brows.

Verg. " Yes, I thank God, I am as honeft as any " man living, that is an old man, and no honefter " than I."

Dogb. Comparifons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleafes your Worfhip to fay fo, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beftow it all of your Worfhip.

Leon. All thy tedioufnefs on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thoufand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your Worfhip as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And fo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to fay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our watch to-night, excepting your Worfhip's prefence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Meffina.

Dogb. " A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, " as they fay; when the age is in, the wit is out; God " help us, it is a world to fee: well faid, i' faith, " neighbour Verges; well, he's a good man; an two " men ride an horfe, one muft ride behind; an honeft " foul, i' faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke " bread, but God is to be worfhipp'd; all men are " not alike, alas, good neighbour!"

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too fhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muft leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our watch have, indeed, comprehended two aufpicious perfons; and we would

have

have them this morning examin'd before your Worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex.* Leon.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go get you to Francis Seacole, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail, we are now to examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. " We will spare for no wit, I warrant; here's " that shall drive some of them to a non-come." Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, *Don* John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

Leon. COME, Friar Francis, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, Friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count!

Hero. I do.

Friar. If any of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon.

Leon. I dare make this anſwer, None.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? why, then ſome be of laughing, as Ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, Friar. Father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour;
Behold, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here!
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity——

Claud. I know what you would ſay: if I have known her,
You'll ſay ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin.
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?

Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! I will rate againſt it;

You

You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?

Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is ſo; but what of this, my Lord?

Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet!
What kind of catechiſing call you this?

Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero! who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero herſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. Leonato,
I am ſorry, you muſt hear; upon mine honour,
Myſelf, my brother, and this grieved Count,
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, like an illiberal villain,
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,

Not to be ſpoken of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been place'd
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[Hero *ſwoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, couſin? wherefore ſink you down?

John. Come, let us go; theſe things come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.
Exeunt Don Pedro, *Don* John, *and* Claud.

SCENE II.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.
Hero! why, Hero! uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? why doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's 'fraine?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?

Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine;
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins.
But mine, as mine I lov'd, as mine I prais'd,
As mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe,—O, ſhe is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd.

Bene Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although until laſt night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two princes lye? and Claudio lye,
Who lov'd her ſo, that ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Friar Hear me a little,
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel-whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal do warrant
The tenor of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be
Thou ſeeſt that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wiſdoms be miſled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd, in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf

Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travel look for greater birth.
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer; for it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio.
' When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
' Th' idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
' Into his ſtudy of imagination,
' And every lovely organ of her life
' Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit;
' More moving, delicate, and full of life
' Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul
' Than when ſhe liv'd indeed.' Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever love had intereſt in his liver,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true.
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt beſits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the Friar adviſe you.
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio;
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly and juſtly as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Friar.

Friar. 'Tis well consented, presently away;
For to strange sores, strangely they strain the cure.
Come, Lady, die to live; this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience, and endure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Manent* Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not your's.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewel.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,——

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman! O that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero! ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat——

Beat. Princes and Counts! ſurely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect, a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into curteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too He is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and ſwears it. I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice; by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero.

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough; I am engage'd; I will challenge him. I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you; by this hand, Claudio

Claudio ſhall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, ſo think of me; go comfort your couſin: I muſt ſay ſhe is dead; and ſo farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a priſon.*

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, *the* Town-Clerk *and* Sexton *in gowns.*

To. Cl. Is our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Dogb. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the Sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before Maſter Conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

Bora. *Borachio.*

To. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio.* Your's, ſirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

To. Cl. Write down, *Maſter Gentleman Conrade.* Maſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they ſerve God; and write God firſt; for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch villains.—Maſters, it is proved already, that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly, now anſwer you for yourſelves?

Con. Marry, Sirs, we ſay we are none.

To Cl. " A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you, but " I will go about with him. Come you hither, ſirrah, " a word in your ear, Sir; I ſay to you, it is thought " you are both falſe knaves."

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, We are none.

To. Cl. " Well, ſtand aſide; 'fore God, they are " both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are " none?"

Sexton. Maſter Town-Clerk, you go not the way to examine,

examine, you muſt call the watch that are their accuſers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the defteſt way; let the watch come forth. Maſters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuſe theſe men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, Sir, that Don John the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince John a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Maſter Town-clerk——

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, Maſters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning ſecretly ſtol'n away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this ſuddenly dy'd. Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sexton. Let them be in hand. [*Exit.*

Conr. Off, Coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb*. Come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.—

Dogb.

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an aſs! but, Maſters, remember that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs. No, thou villian, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs. " I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer; " and which is more, an houſholder; and which is " more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in Meſſina, " and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fel- " low enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had " loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every " thing handſome about him. Bring him away; O " that I had been writ down an aſs!"—— *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's houſe.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. IF you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ear as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain:
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form.
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow waive; cry, Hem! when he ſhould grone;
' Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
' With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
' And I of him will gather patience.
' But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men

" Can

‘ Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
‘ Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
‘ Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
‘ Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
‘ Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread;
‘ Charm ach with air, and agony with word.
‘ No, no; 'tis all mens' office to ſpeak patience
‘ To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
‘ But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
‘ To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
‘ The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſel;
‘ My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.’

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
‘ For there was never yet philoſopher,
‘ That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
‘ However they have writ the ſtyle of gods,
‘ And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.’

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf:
Make thoſe that do offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon; nay, I will do ſo.
My ſoul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the Prince;
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

SCENE II. *Enter Don* Pedro *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and Claudio haſtily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my Lords.

Pedro. We have ſome haſte, Leonato.

Leon. Some haſte, my Lord! well, fare you well, my Lord.
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou!

Nay,

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me.
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am force'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man:
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies bury'd with her anceſtors,
O, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villany!
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I ſay.
Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Can'ſt thou ſo doffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men, indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother,——
Ant. Content yourſelf; God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.

Boys,

Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkſops!

Leon. Brother Anthony——

Ant. "Hold you content; what, man? I know them,
"yea,
"And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
"Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,
"That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and ſlander,
"Go anticly, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
"And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
"How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
"And this is all."

Leon. But, brother Anthony,——

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wrack your patience.
My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was charge'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And ſhall, or ſome of us will ſmart for it.
[*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Benedick.

Pedro. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my Lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; what think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; ſhall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale: art thou ſick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me.——I pray you chuſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.

Pedro. By this light he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jeſt not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardice. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a wood-cock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; right, ſays ſhe, a fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, a great groſs one; nay, ſaid I, a good wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay, ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe; certain, ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman; nay, ſaid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forſwore on Tueſday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together

tranſ-ſhape

tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italy.

Claud For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſalvage bull's horns on the ſenſible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man*

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour; you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My Lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company; your brother, the baſtard, is fled from Meſſina; you have among you killed a ſweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet; and till then, peace be with him! [*Exit* Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challenge'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

SCENE IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded*.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

Pedro. But, ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my heart and be ſad; did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if Juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance; nay, an

an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? Borachio one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my Lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed falſe report; moreover they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things; and, to conclude they are lying knaves.

Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well-ſuited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, Maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? This learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me. I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to ſlander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Marg[illegible] Hero's garments; how you diſgrace'd her, when you ſhould marry her. My villany they [illegible]ve upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my dea[illegible]h, than repeat over to my ſhame. The lady is dead [illegible]pon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and, briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery;
And fled he [illegible] upon this villany.

Claud.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the matter; and, Maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes Maſter Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

SCENE V. *Enter* Leonato *and* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes,
" That when I note another man like him,
" I may avoid him; which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath
Haſt kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo, villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: Chuſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin. Yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll injoin me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again;
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people in Meſſina here
How innocent ſhe dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe;
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,

Be

Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming,
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all his wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs. I beſeech you, let it be remember'd in his puniſhment; "and alſo the watch heard them talk of "one deformed. They ſay he wears a key in his ear, "and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in "God's name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and "never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and "will lend nothing for God's ſake. Pray you, exa-"mine him upon that point."

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth: and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation!

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worſhip, which I beſeech your Worſhip to correct yourſelf, for the example of others. God keep your worſhip; I wiſh your Worſhip well. God reſtore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt.*

Leon.

Leon Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon Bring you theſe fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to Leonato's houſe.*

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret.

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet Miſtreſs Margaret, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty.

Bene In ſo high a ſtyle, Margaret, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? Why ſhall I always keep above ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a wo[illegible] ſo, I pray thee, call Beatrice; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the [illegible]s; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, Margaret, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think, hath legs [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve,*——I mean, in ſinging; but in loving, Leander the good ſwimmer, Tro[illegible] the firſt employer of pandars, and the whole bo[illegible] of thoſ[illegible] [illegible]uon[illegible]am

quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe; why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love; marry I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent's rhime; for *ſcorn*, *born*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for: which is, with knowing what hath paſs'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſs'd.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit; but, I muſt tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward; and I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politic a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet: I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for your's; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. "An old, an old inſtance, Beatrice, that liv'd "in the time of good neighbours;" if a man do not

erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself; who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd; the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to a church.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and attendants with tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Attend. It is, my Lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that dy'd with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Clau.

Claud. Now, muſic, ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and grone
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good morrow, Maſters, put your torches out;
The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phebus, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, Maſters; each his ſeveral way.

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's,
Than this for whom we render'd up his woe!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Changes to Leonato's houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But Margaret was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.

Ant. Well; I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.

Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith inforce'd
To

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves,
And when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To viſit me; you know your office, brother,
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the Prince. But what's your will?
Bene. Your anſwer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good-will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I'th' ſtate of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

SCENE X.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio, *with attendants.*

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.
[*Exit* Antonio.
Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick; why, what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the ſavage bull:
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And ſo all Europe ſhall rejoice at thee,

As once Europa did at lufty Jove,
When he would play the noble beaft in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, Sir, had an amiable low,
And fome fuch ftrange bull leap'd your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that fame noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have juft his bleat.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antonio, *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Urfula, *mafked.*

Claud. For this I owe you. Here come other reck-
Which is the lady I muft feize upon? [onings.
Ant. This fame is fhe, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then fhe's mine; fweet, let me fee your face.
Leon. No, that you fhall not till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and fwear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand. Before this holy Friar,
I am your hufband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife;
[*Unmafking.*
And when you lov'd you were my other hufband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, furely, as I live, I am a maid.
Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my Lord, but whiles her flander
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify; [liv'd,
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder feem familiar,
And to the chapel let us prefently.
Bene. Soft and fair, Friar. Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I anfwer to that name; what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no, no more than reafon.
Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio, have been deceiv'd; they fwore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no, no more than reafon.

Beat.

Beat. Why, then, my coufin, Margaret, and Urfula, Have been deceiv'd; for they did fwear you did.

Bene. They fwore you were almoft fick for me.

Beat. They fwore you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, coufin, I am fure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be fworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting fonnet of his own pure brain,
Fafhion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my coufin's hand, ftolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againft our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great perfuafion, and partly to fave your life; for, as I was told, you were in a confumption.

Bene. Peace, I will ftop your mouth ——

[*Kiffing her.*

Pedro. How doft thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of witcrackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Doft thou think I care for a fatyr, or an epigram? No: "If a "man will be beaten with brains, he fhall wear no"thing handfome about him." In brief, fince I do purpofe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpofe that the world can fay againft it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have faid againft it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclufion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinfman, live unbruis'd, and love my coufin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldft have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy fingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queftion, thou wilt be, if my coufin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends: let's have a

dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, music. Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.

[*Dances.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The MERCHANT of VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE *of Venice.*
Morochius, *a Moorish prince,* } *suiters to Portia.*
Prince of Arragon, }
Anthonio *the merchant of Venice.*
Bassanio, *his friend, in love with Portia.*
Salanio, } *friends to Anthonio and Bassanio.*
Solarino, }
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with Jessica.*
Shylock, *a Jew.*
Tubal, *a Jew, his friend.*
Launcelot, *a clown, servant to the Jew.*
Gobbo, *an old man, father to Launcelot.*
Leonardo, *servant to Bassanio.*
Balthazar, } *servants to Portia,*
Stephano, }
Portia, *an heiress of great quality and fortune.*
Nerissa, *confident to Portia.*
Jessica, *daughter to Shylock.*

Senators of Venice, officers, Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice; and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia upon the continent.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Anth. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you.
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ——
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your Argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,

Th[illegible]

That curtſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone;
And not bethink me ſtrait of dang'rous rocks;
Which, touching but my gentle veſſels ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechance'd, would make me ſad?
But tell not me;—I know, Anthonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandiſe.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's ſay, you're ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay, you're merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. " Now, by two-headed Janus,
" Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
" Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

" And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
" And others of ſuch vinegar-aſpect,
" That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
" Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable."

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo: fare ye well;
We leave ye now with better company.

Sola I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard:
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good Lords.

Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?

Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.

Sola. My Lord Baſſanio, ſince you've found Anthonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you have in mind where we muſt meet.

Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Anthonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me you are marvellouſly change'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part,
And mine's a ſad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool;——
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
" Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
" Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
" Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
" By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
" (I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks),
" There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
" Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
" And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,

" With

" With purpoſe to be dreſs'd in an opinion
" Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
" As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
" And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!
" O my Anthonio, I do know of thoſe,
" That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
" For ſaying nothing;" who, I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools*.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo; fare ye well a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For Gratiano never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Farewel; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commend-
able
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Loren.

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baſſ. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,

* Alluding to what is ſaid in the goſpel, that *whoſoever ſhall ſay to his brother, Thou fool, ſhall be in danger of hell-fire.*

Wherein my time, fomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: to you, Anthonio,
I owe the moft in money, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purpofes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Baffanio, let me know it:
And if it ftand, as you yourfelf ftill do,
Within the eye of honour, be affur'd,
My purfe, my perfon, my extremeft means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occafions.

Baff. In my fchool-days, when I had loft one fhaft,
I fhot his fellow of the felf-fame flight
The felf-fame way, with more advifed watch,
To find the other forth; by vent'ring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Becaufe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a witlefs youth,
That which I owe is loft; but if you pleafe
To fhoot another arrow that felf way
Which you did fhoot the firft, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reft debtor for the firft.

Anth. You know me well; and herein fpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumftance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queftion of my uttermoft,
Than if you had made wafte of all I have.
Then do but fay to me, what I fhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prefs'd unto it: therefore, fpeak.

Baff In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And fhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometime from her eyes
I did receive fair fpeechlefs meffages.
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaft
Renowned fuitors; and her funny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strond;
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift*,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea,
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia:
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Belmont.*

Three caskets are set out, one of gold, another of silver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: therefore it is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounce'd.

Ner They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er

* Thrift, *for* thriving, Mr. *Pope.*

 a

a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple! But this reaſoning is not in faſhion to chuſe me a huſband: O me, the word, *chuſe!* I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inſpirations: therefore the lottery that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you), will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one whom you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'ſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf. I am much afraid my Lady his mother play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who ſhould ſay, If you will not have me, chuſe. He hears merry tales, and ſmiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Monſieur Le Boun?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man; in truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands.

husband. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you may come into the court, and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture: but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish Lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuse it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, Lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be

be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and wiſh them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, Lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Mountferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think he was ſo call'd.

Ner. True, Madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now? what news.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, Madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word, the Prince his maſter will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me, than wive me. Come, Neriſſa. Sirrah, go before; while we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A public place in Venice.*

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats? well.

Baſſ. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months? well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound? well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy.

Shy. Three thoufand ducats for three months, and Anthonio bound.

Baff. Your anfwer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Baff. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning, in faying he is a good man, is to have you underftand me, that he is fufficient. Yet his means are in fuppofition: he hath an Argofie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underftand moreover upon the Ryalto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath fquander'd abroad. But fhips are but boards, failors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithftanding, fufficient; three thoufand ducats? I think I may take his bond.

Baff. Be affur'd you may.

Shy. I will be affur'd I may; and that I may be affur'd, I will bethink me. May I fpeak with Anthonio?

Baff. If it pleafe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to fmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjur'd the devil into! I will buy with you, fell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and fo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Ryalto?——who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baff. This is Signior Anthonio.

Shy. [*Afide.*] How like a fawning Publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Chriftian:
But more, for that in low fimplicity
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of ufance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our facred nation; and he rails,
Ev'n there where merchants moft do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereft. Curfed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Baff.

Baff. Shylock, do you hear?——

Shy. I am debating of my prefent ftore,
And by the near guefs of my memory,
I cannot inftantly raife up the grofs
Of full three thoufand ducats: what of that?
Tuball, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnifh me; but foft, how many months
Do you defire? Reft you fair, good Signior;
[*To* Anth.
Your Worfhip was the laft man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excefs;
Yet, to fupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuftom.——Is he yet poffefs'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thoufand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three month's you told me fo;
Well then, your bond; and let me fee,— but hear you,
Methought you faid you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never ufe it.

Shy. When Jacob gras'd his uncle Laban's fheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poffeffor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take intereft?

Shy. No, not take int'reft; not, as you would fay,
Directly, int'reft; mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himfelf were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings, which were ftreak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In th' end of autum turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between thefe woolly breeders in the act,
The fkilful fhepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ftuck them up before the fulfome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thofe were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blefs'd;
And thrift is bleffing, if men fteal it not.

Anth.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heav'n.
Was this inſerted to make int'reſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver, ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt;
But note me, Signior.
Anth. Mark you this, Baſſanio?
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.——
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goody apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outſide's falſehood hath!
Shy. Three thouſand ducats! 'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.
Anth. Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you have rated me,
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug;
(For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my Jewiſh gaberdine;
And all for uſe of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies; you ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold: money is your ſuit;
What ſhould I ſay to you? ſhould I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? Is it poſſible
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? Or,
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this,—Fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt Wedneſday,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for theſe curteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies?
Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As

As to thy friend, (for when did friendſhip take
A breed * of barren metal of his friend?);
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, how you ſtorm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with;
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow;
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it ſhall pleaſe me.

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are!
Whoſe own hard dealings teach them to ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable or profitable,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip;
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;

* Breed of metal, *meaning money at uſury,* money that breeds more. *The old editions (two of them) have it,* A bribe of barren metal.——

And

And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtrait;
See to my houſe, left in the fearleſs guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. Hie thee gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian; he grows kind.
Baſſ. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Anth. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay;
My ſhips come home a month before the day [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont.

Enter Morochius, *a Tawny-Moor, all in white; and three or four followers accordingly; with* Portia, Neriſſa, *and her train. Flouriſh cornets.*

Mor. MIſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where Phebus' fire ſcarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee, Lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing.
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
Yourſelf, renowned Prince, then ſtood as fair,

As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.
Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, Lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that, which one unworthier may attain;
And die with grieving.
Por. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chuſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chuſe, if you chuſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be adviſ'd.
Mor. Nor will not; therefore bring me to my chance.
Por. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſs'd, or curſed'ſt among men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Venice.*

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. Certainly my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away. My conſcience ſays, No; take heed, honeſt Launcelot; take heed, honeſt Gobbo; or, as aforeſaid, honeſt Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; ſcorn running with thy heels.

heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *Via!* says the fiend; *Away!* says the fiend; for the heav'ns rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son —— (for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste;) —— well, my conscience says, Budge not; Budge, says the fiend; Budge not, says my conscience; Conscience, say I, you counsel ill; Fiend, say I you counsel ill. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. O heav'ns, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young Gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit: can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? (mark me now, now will I raise the waters); talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No, Master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father,

father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young Master Launcelot

Gob. Your Worship's friend and Launcelot, Sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man; *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your Mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot; talk not of Master Launcelot, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob Alack, Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son; give me your blessing, truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood: Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got!

got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill horſe has on his tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou change'd! how doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well. But for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground. My maſter's a very Jew: give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one Maſter Baſſanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a Jew, if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with* Leonardo, *and a follower or two more.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo; but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: ſee theſe letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your Worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy, wouldſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, Sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, Sir, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve——

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify,—

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your Worſhip's reverence, are ſcarce catercouſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your Worſhip; and my ſuit is——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your Worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit;
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock aad you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go, father, with thy ſon:
Take leave of thy old maſter, and inquire
My lodging out; give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a ſervice, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table *, which doth ****** offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune; go to, here's a ſimple line of life; here's a ſmall trifle of wives. Alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a ſimple coming-in for one man! and then to 'ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are ſimple 'ſcapes! well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinking of an eye.

[*Exeunt* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance, hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

SCENE III. *Enter* Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks. [*Ex.* Leonardo.

* Looking on his own hand.

Gra.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio,——

Baſſ. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why, then you muſt: but hear thee, Gratiano,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
T'ally with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, *Amen.*
Uſe all th' obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam; never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity.
I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Shylock's houſe.*

Enter Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I'm ſorry thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedioufneſs;

But

But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest,
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewel: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue; most beautiful Pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewel, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time, disguise us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two hours
To furnish us. Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Enter Launcelot, *with a letter.*

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this; tell gentle Jeſſica,
I will not fail her; ſpeak it privately.
Go.——Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maſque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit.* Laun.
Sal. Ay, Marry, I'll be gone about it ſtrait.
Sola. And ſo will I.
Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging ſome hour hence.
Sal. 'Tis good, we do ſo. [*Exit.*
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jeſſica?
Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all; ſhe hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe,
What gold and jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with,
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake;
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe doth it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt;
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Shylock's houſe.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio.
What, Jeſſica!——thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me——what, Jeſſica!—
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out.
Why, Jeſſica! I ſay.
Laun. Why, Jeſſica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.
Laun. Your Worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, Jeſſica;
There are my keys. But wherefore ſhould I go?

I am

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house; I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, Sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black Monday last, at six o'clock i' th' morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What? are there masques? hear you me, Jessica
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces.
But stop my house's ears; I mean, my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night.
But I will go; go you before me, sirrah.
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.* Laun.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewel, Mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-slow in profit, but he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you.——

Shut

Shut the doors after you: *Fast bind, fast find*;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The street.*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in masquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo desired us to make a stand.
Sal. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' widgeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then: come, approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Hoa, who's within?

Jessica *above, in boy's cloaths.*

Jes. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo certain, and my love, indeed;

For

For who love I ſo much; and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am your's? [art.

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou

Jeſ. Here catch this caſket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me;
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, goodſooth, are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once ———
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtrait.
[*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily;
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter Jeſſica, *to them.*

What, art thou come? on, Gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio,———

Anth. Fie Gratiano, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all ſtay for you;
To maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard;

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I'm glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Belmont.*

Enter Portia *with* Morochius, *and both their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The sev'ral caskets to this Noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discover'd.*

Mor. The first of gold, which this inscriptions bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know, if I do chuse the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuse that, then I am your's withal.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again;
What says this leaden casket?
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages.
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then not give, nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves? pause there, Morochius;
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve?—why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th' Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold! they have, in England,
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There take it, Prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am your's. [*Unlocking the gold casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here? a carrion death,
Within whose empty eye there is a scrowl:
I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd,
Fare you well, your suit is cold.

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour lost;
Then farewel heat, and welcome frost:

Portia,

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains; go——
Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Changes to Venice.*

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Sola. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous Jessica:
Besides, Anthonio certify'd the Duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets;
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter.
Fled with a Christian? O my Christian ducats!
Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels too, stones, rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day;
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Sola. You were best to tell Anthonio what you hear;

Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Anthonio part.
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return. He anſwer'd, Do not ſo;
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio;
But ſtay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And, with affection wond'rous ſenſible,
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.
Sola. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Changes to Belmont.*

Enter Neriſſa *with a ſervant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait;
The Prince of Arragon has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his train,* Portia. *Flor. Cornets. The caſkets are diſcover'd.*

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, Noble Prince:
If you chuſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Strait ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my Lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am injoin'd by oath t' obſerve three things:
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Laſt, if I fail in fortune of my choice,

Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To thefe injunctions every one doth fwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthlefs felf.

Ar. And fo have I addrefs'd me; fortune now
To my heart's hope! gold, filver, and bafe lead.
Who chufeth me, muft give and hazard all he hath.
You fhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What fays the golden cheft? ha, let me fee;
Who chufeth me, fhall gain what many men defire.
What many men defire——that may be meant
Of the fool-multitude, that chufe by fhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pry not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of cafualty.
I will not chufe what many men defire,
Becaufe I will not jump with common fpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why, then, to thee, thou filver treafure-houfe;
Tell me, once more, what title thou doft bear?
Who chufeth me, fhall get as much as he deferves:
And well faid too, for who fhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ftamp of merit? Let none prefume
To wear an undeferved dignity:
O that eftates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then fhould cover, that ftand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peafantry would then be gleaned
From the true feed of honour? how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new vanned? Well, but to my choice:
Who chufeth me, fhall get as much as he deferves:
I will affume defert; give me a key for this,
And inftantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a paufe for that which you find there.
[*Unlocking the filver cafket.*

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Prefenting me a fchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chuses me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire sev'n times tried this;
Sev'n times tried that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss,
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, Sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear,
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrath. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth:
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Ser. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,

To

To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid
Thoul't ſay, anon, he is ſome kin to thee;
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, Neriſſa, for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

Ner. Baſſanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in Venice.

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

Sola. NOW, what news on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Godwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lie bury'd, as they ſay, if my goſſip Report be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sola. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband. But it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain highway of talk, that the good Anthonio, the honeſt Anthonio—— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sola. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou? why, the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay *amen* betimes, leſt the devil croſs thy prayer, for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew. How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sola.

Sola. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and her's, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh: but tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loſs at ſea, or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, for a prodigal, who dares ſcarce ſhew his head on the Ryalto; a beggar, that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me *uſurer*; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal. If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgrace'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reaſon? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach

teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a ſervant from Anthonio.

Serv. Gentlemen, my maſter Anthonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be match'd unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Francfort! the curſe never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now; two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O would ſhe were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why, ſo! and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa —

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again; fourſcore ducats at a ſitting, fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, Tubal; it was my Turquoiſe, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Belmont.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and attendants.*

The caſkets are ſet out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your company; therefore forbear a while.
There's ſomething tells me (but it is not love)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but I am then forſworn:
So will I never be; ſo you may miſs me:
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;

One half of me is your's, the other half your's,
Mine own, I would ſay: but if mine, then your's;
And ſo all your's. Alas! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And ſo tho' your's, not your's, prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it. Not I.
I ſpeak too long, but 'tis to piece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs,
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Baſſ. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack;
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

Por. Well then, confeſs, and live.

Baſſ. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.

Por. Away then! I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof,
Let muſic ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſic. That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſic then? then muſic is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin-tribute, paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live; with much, much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.
[*Muſic within.*

A ſong, whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All, *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves:
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement *,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it.

* That is, a *beard.*

So

So are those crispy snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilty shore
To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
Vailing an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' intrap the wisest. Then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here chuse I; joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrace'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit. [*Opening the leaden casket.*

Bass. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demy-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,——
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinish'd. Yet how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scrowl,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scrowl; fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kissing her.*
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt,
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So (thrice fair Lady) stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.
Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: tho' for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you,
I would be treble twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair; ten thousand times
More rich; that, to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is some of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to your's to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king:
Myself, and what is mine, to you and your's
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are

Are your's, my Lord: I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lofe or give away,
Let it prefage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baff. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood fpeaks to you in my veins;
And there is fuch confufion in my pow'rs,
As, after fome oration fairly fpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleafed multitude;
Where every fomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, fave of joy
Exprefs'd, and not exprefs'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to fay, Baffanio's dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time,
That have ftood by, and feen our wifhes profper,
To cry, Good joy, good joy, my Lord and Lady!

Gra. My Lord Baffanio, and my gentle Lady,
I wifh you all the joy that you can wifh;
For, I am fure, you can wifh none from me *:
And when your Honours mean to folemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do befeech you,
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Baff. With all my heart, fo thou canft get a wife.

Gra. I thank your Lordfhip, you have got me one.
My eyes, my Lord, can look as fwift as your's;
You faw the miftrefs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiffion
No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you.
Your fortune ftood upon the cafket there;
And fo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I fweat again,
And fwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laft, if promife laft,
I got a promife of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miftrefs.

Por. Is this true, Neriffa?

Ner. Madam, it is, fo you ftand pleas'd withal.

* *That is,* diftinct from me and my wifhes.

Baff. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my Lord.

Baff. Our feaft fhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firft boy for a thoufand ducats.

Ner. What, and ftake down?

Gra. No, we fhall ne'er win at that fport, and ftake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

S C E N E III.

Enter Lorenzo, Jeffica, *and* Salanio.

Baff. Lorenzo and Salanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereft here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and country-men,
(Sweet Portia), welcome.

Por. So do I, my Lord; they are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your Honour: for my part, my Lord,
My purpofe was not to have feen you here;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did intreat me, paft all faying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my Lord,
And I have reafon for't; Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* Baffanio *a letter.*

Baff. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not fick, my Lord, unlefs it be in mind;
Nor well, unlefs in mind; his letter there
Will fhew you his eftate. [Baffanio *opens the letter.*

Gra. Nerifsa, cheer yond ftranger: bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio; what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know he will be glad of our fuccefs:
We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.

Sal. Would you had won the fleece that he hath loft!

Por.

Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek: [paper,
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, Baſſanio, I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. Of ſweet Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true; and yet, dear Lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart. When I told you,
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For indeed
I have engage'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engage'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, Lady,
The paper, as the body of my friend;
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? what not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, from England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one, my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea

Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To Tubal and to Chus his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him; and I know, my Lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt-condition'd: an unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?

Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond?
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid Neriſſa and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows: come, away!
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day *.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. reads. *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death; notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

* ——— your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear, }
But let me hear, &c,

Por.

Por. O love! difpatch all bufinefs, and be gone.
Baff. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make hafte; but till I come again,
No bed fhall e'er be guilty of my ftay;
No reft be interpofer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a ftreet in Venice.*

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the Gaoler.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out money *gratis.*
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; fpeak not againft my bond:
I've fworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dft me dog before thou hadft a caufe;
But fince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke fhall grant me juftice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art fo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeft.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me fpeak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee fpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore fpeak no more;
I'll not be made a foft and dull-ey'd fool,
To fhake the head, relent, and figh, and yield
To Chriftian interceffors. Follow not;
I'll have no fpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* Shylock.
Sola. It is the moft impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootlefs pray'rs:
He feeks my life; his reafon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Sola. I am fure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the courfe of law;
For the commodity that ftrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juftice of the ftate;

Since

Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go,
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on; pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to Belmont.*

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief to,
How dear a lover of my Lord your husband;
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can inforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom-lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my Lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heav'n breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my Lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,

And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition:
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your Ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt* Jessica *and* Lorenzo.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
' And speak between the change of man and boy,
' With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
' Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
' Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
' How honourable ladies sought my love,

' Which

'Which I denying, they fell ſick, and dy'd;
'I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
'And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
'And twenty of theſe puny lyes I'll tell;
'That men ſhall ſwear I've diſcontinued ſchool
'Above a twelvemonth.' I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Launcelot *and* Jeſſica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard hope indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother. Thus, when you ſhun Scylla your father, you fall into Charybdis your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he. We were Chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot what you say, here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the *Moor* should be *more* than reason; but if she be *less* than an honest woman, she is indeed *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the world! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, sirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Good Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only *cover* is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning. Go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
' The fool hath planted in his memory
' An army of good words; and I do know
' A many fools that stand in better place,
' Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word

' Defy

"Defy the matter.' How far'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the Lord Baſſanio's wife!
Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: it is very meet
The Lord Baſſanio live an upright life.
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heav'n.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Jeſ. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: firſt let us go to dinner.
Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I have a ſtomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it.
Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſenate-houſe in Venice.

Enter the Duke, *the Senators;* Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano, *at the bar.*

Duke. WHAT, is Anthonio here?
Anth. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.
Duke. I'm ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhumane wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rig'rous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

To

To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my Lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back,
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From ſtubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!
You'll aſk me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll now anſwer that,
By ſaying, 'tis my humour; is it anſwerd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it bane'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection *.

* *That is,* they are ſo affected with it.

Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or lothes. Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodge'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think, you question with a Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height,
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain-pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder!)
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,

Which

Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs;
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as your's, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands: you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My Lord, here ſtays without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, Anthonio: what, man, courage yet:
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

S C E N E II.

Enter Neriſſa, *dreſs'd like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my Lord. Bellario greets your Grace.

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

[*The Jew whetting his knife on the ſole of his ſhoe.*

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul harſh Jew,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee: for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Mean time the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

YOUR Grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but at the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to let him lack a reverend estimation: for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia, *dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario what he writes,

And

And here, I take it, is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my Lord.
Duke. You're welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am inform'd throughly of the case.
Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?
Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger; do you not? [*To* Anth.
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. 'The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
'It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
'Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
'It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
''Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
'The throned monarch better than his crown:
'His sceptre shews the force of temporal pow'r,
'The attribute to awe and majesty,
'Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
'But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
'It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
'It is an attribute to God himself;
'And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
'When mercy seasons justice.' Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,
Yea, twice the ſum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It muſt not be; there is no pow'r in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel.
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend Doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath,—I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.
Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpofe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wife and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bofom.
Shy. Ay, his breaft;
So fays the bond; doth it not noble judge?
Neareft his heart, thofe are the very words.
Por. It is fo. Are there fcales to weigh the flefh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by fome furgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ftop his wounds, left he fhould bleed to death.
Shy. Is it fo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not fo exprefs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do fo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to fay?
Ant. But little. I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Baffanio, fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:
" For herein fortune fhews herfelf more kind,
" Than is her cuftom. It is ftill her ufe,
" To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
" To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
" An age of poverty:" from which ling'ring penance
Of fuch a mifery doth fhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the procefs of Anthonio's end:
Say, how I lov'd you; fpeak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baffanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you fhall lofe your friend;
And he repents not that he pays your debt:
For if the Jew doth cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inftantly with all my heart.
Baff. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itfelf;
But life itfelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me efteem'd above thy life.

I

I would lose all; ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heav'n, so she could
Intreat some pow'r to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I've a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! a sentence: come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expresly are, a pound of flesh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! mark, Jew; O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! mark, Jew; a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. The Jew shall have all justice; soft, no haste;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh:

Shed

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than a juſt pound, be't but ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance,
On the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

Gra. A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pauſe? take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry, Jew.
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He ſeeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt.
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formally by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf;

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the diff'rence of our [ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it.
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for Anthonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter *gratis*; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Ant. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently becomes a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſt'ning thou ſhalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your Grace of pardon;
I muſt away this night to Padua.

And it is meet I prefently fet forth.
Duke. I'm forry that your leifure ferves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For in my mind you are much bound to him.
[*Exit* Duke *and his train.*

SCENE III.

Baff. Moft worthy Gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wifdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thoufand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And ftand indebted, over and above,
In love and fervice to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well fatisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am fatisfy'd,
And therein do account myfelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wifh you well, and fo I take my leave.
Baff. Dear fir, of force I muft attempt you further.
Take fome remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You prefs me far, and therefore I will yield,
Give me your gloves, I'll wear 'em for your fake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love fhall not deny me this.
Baff. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not fhame myfelf to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing elfe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Baff. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareft ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I fee, Sir, your are liberal in offers;
You taught me firft to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar fhould be anfwer'd.
Baff. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife.

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exit with* Nerissa.

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Anthonio's house: away, make haste. [*Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont; come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Portia *with* Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That I will do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring: [*To* Por.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old
That they did give the rings away to men; [swearing,
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. A grove or green place before Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

Lor. THE moon ſhines bright: in ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall;
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.
Lor. In ſuch a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night
Medea gather'd the inchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æſon.
Lor. In ſuch a night
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jeſ. And in ſuch a night
Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in ſuch a night
Did pretty Jeſſica, (like a little ſhrew),
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
Meſ. A friend.
Lor. What friend? Your name, I pray you, friend?

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master with his horn full of good news. My master will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their
And yet no matter: Why should we go in? [coming.
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
[*Exit* Stephano.
And bring your music forth into the air.
'How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
'Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
'Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
'Become the touches of sweet harmony.
'Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heav'n
'Is thick inlay'd with patens of bright gold;
'There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
'But in his motion like an angel sings,
'Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
'Such harmony is in immortal sounds!
'But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
'Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.'

Come,

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.
[*Music.*

Lor. 'The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
'For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
'Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
'Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
'(Which is the hot condition of their blood),
'If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
'Or any air of music touch their ears,
'You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
'Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
'By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
'Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
'Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
'But music for the time doth change his nature.
'The man that hath no music in himself,
'Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
'Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
'The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
'And his affections dark as Erebus:
'Let no such man be trusted—Mark the music.'

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less;
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Until a King be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music, hark! [*Music.*

Ner. It is the music, Madam, of your house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, Madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuc-
By the bad voice. [kow,

Lor. Dear Lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands healths,
Which speed we hope the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband;
And never be Bassanio so from me;
But God sort all! You're welcome home, my Lord.

Bass. I thank you, Madam: give welcome to my
This is the man, this is Anthonio, [friend;
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;

It

It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.
Gra. By yonder moon I ſwear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To* Neriſſa.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poeſy was,
For all the world, like cutlers poetry
Upon a knife: *Love me: and leave me not.*
Ner. What, talk you of the poeſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an' if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*
Gra. My Lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my Lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baff. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By Heav'n, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in your's,
Till I again see mine.

Baff. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Baff. No, by mine honour, Madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Ev'n he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet Lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
And by these blessed candles of the night,

Had

Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.
Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my houfe,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did fwear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my hufband's bed;
Know him I fhall, I am well fure of it.
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you fo; let me not take him then:
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am th' unhappy fubject of thefe quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome, not withftanding.
Baff. Portia, forgive me this inforced wrong.
And in the hearing of thefe many friends,
I fwear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I fee myfelf ——
Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly fees himfelf;
In each eye one; fwear by your double felf,
And there's an oath of credit!
Baff. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my foul I fwear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his weal;
Which, but for him that had your hufband's ring, [*To* Portia.
Had quite mifcarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My foul upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more break faith advifedly.
Por. Then you fhall be his furety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, Lord Baffanio, fwear to keep this ring.
Baff. By heav'n, it is the fame I gave the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Baffanio;

For

For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly; you are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the Doctor;
Nerissa, there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Anthonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet Lady, you have giv'n me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I'm sure you are not satisfy'd

Of thefe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interr'gatories,
And we will anfwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be fo. The firft interr'gatory,
That my Neriffa fhall be fworn on, is,
Whether till the next night fhe had rather ftay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I fhould wifh it dark,
Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So fore, as keeping fafe Neriffa's ring. [*Exeunt omnes.*

LOVE's

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *three Lords attending upon the King in his retirement.*
Boyet, Macard, *Lords attending upon the Princess of France.*
Don Adriana de Armada, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
Nathaniel, *a curate.*
Dull, *a constable.*
Holofernes, *a schoolmaster.*
Costard, *a clown.*
Moth, *page to Don Adriano de Armado.*
A Forester,
Princess of France.
Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, *Ladies attending on the Princess.*
Jaquenetta, *a country wench.*
Officers, and others, attendants upon the King and Princess.

SCENE, the King of Navarre's palace, and the country near it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain.

King. LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tombs †;
When, spight of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall 'bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,

* In this play are to be perceived several strokes of Shakespear's pen, but the whole ought by no means to pass for the work of it.
† ——— brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spight of, &c.

And

And the huge army of the world's defires;
Our late edict fhall ftrongly ftand in force.
Navarre fhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court fhall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have fworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-fcholars; and to keep thofe ftatutes,
That are recorded in this fchedule here.
Your oaths are pafs'd, and now fubfcribe your names:
That his own hand may ftrike his honour down,
That violates the fmalleft branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as fworn to do,
Subfcribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am refolv'd; 'tis but a three years's faft:
The mind fhall banquet tho' the body pine;
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, Dumain is mortify'd:
The groffer manner of thefe world's delights
He throws upon the grofs world's bafer flaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all thefe living in philofophy.

Biron. I can but fay their proteftation over.
So much (dear Liege) I have already fworn,
That is, to live and ftudy here three years.
But there are other ftrict obfervances:
As, not to fee a woman in that term;
Which I hope well is not inrolled there:
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day befide;
The which I hope is not inrolled there:
And then to fleep but three hours in the night,
And not be feen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day);
Which I hope well is not inrolled there.
O, thefe are barren tafks, too hard to keep;
Not to fee ladies, ftudy, faft, not fleep.

King. Your oath is pafs'd to pafs away from thefe.

Biron. Let me fay, No, my Liege, an' if you pleafe;

I only

I only ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.
Long. You ſwore to that, Biron, and to the reſt.
Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common ſenſe.
King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompence.
Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus; to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to feaſt expreſsly am forbid;
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid;
Or, having ſworn too hard a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be this, and this be ſo,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay, No.
King. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſely blind the eye-ſight of his look:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile;
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep-ſearch'd with ſawcy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,

Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
" Too much to know, is to know nought: but feign:
" And every godfather can give a name."

King. How well he's read, to reaſon again reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.

Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill let's grow the weeding.

Biron. The ſpring is near when green geeſe are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reaſon nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhime.

Long. Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

Biron. Well; ſay, I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe t'unlock the little gate.

King. Well, ſit you out—Go home, Biron: adieu!

Biron. No, my good Lord, I've ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay;
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!

Biron. *Item.* That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my court. [*reading.*
Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's ſee the penalty.
On pain of loſing her tongue.— [*reading.*

Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet Lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law againſt gentility!

Item. [*reading.*] If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch public ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.

This article, my Liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The French King's daughter, with yourſelf to ſpeak,
A maid of grace and compleat majeſty,
About ſurrender up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princeſs hither.

King. What ſay you, Lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

King. We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree;
She muſt lie here on mere neceſſity.

Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born:
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace.
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me:
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.——
So to the laws at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others, as to me;
But I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is; our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain,
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
" One whom the music of his own vain tongue
" Doth ravish, like inchanting harmony:
" A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
" Have chose as umpire of their muntiny.
" This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
" For interim to our studies, shall relate
" In high-born words the worth of many a knight
" From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my Lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lye;
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years are but short.

SCENE II. *Enter* Dull *and* Costard *with a letter.*

Dull. Which is the King's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; what would's?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme,——Arme——commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a lo[w] having; God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken in the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form, following, Sir; all those three. I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form, in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron* ——

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. *So it is* ——

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace ——

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words ——

Cost. Of other mens secrets, I beseech you.

King. *So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is call'd supper: so much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which? which, I mean, I walk'd upon; it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place, where? where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd in, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where? it standeth north-north-east and by*

by east from the west corner of thy curious knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minow of thy mirth, (*Cost.* Me?), *that unletter'd small-knowing soul,* (*Cost.* Me?), *that shallow vassal,* (*Cost.* Still me?), *which, as I remember, hight Costard,* (*Cost.* O me!), *sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with,——O with, —— but with this I passion to say wherewith:*

Cost. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever-esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the need of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel call'd), which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vassal of thy law's fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice bring her to trial. Thine in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay; the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, Sir, she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence; you ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper. My Lord Biron, ſee him deliver'd o'er.
And go we, Lords, to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.
[*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the ſour cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again, and until then, ſit thee down, ſorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Armado's houſe.*

Enter Armado, *and* Moth.

Arm. Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender juvenile?

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why tough Signior? why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenile? why tender juvenile?

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender juvenile, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth.

Moth. And I, tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becaufe little.

Moth. Little! pretty, becaufe little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becaufe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praife, Mafter?

Arm. In thy condign praife.

Moth. I will praife an eel with the fame praife.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do fay, thou art quick in anfwers. Thou heat'ft my blood.——

Moth. I am anfwer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be crofs'd.

Moth. He fpeaks the clean contrary, croffes * love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to ftudy three years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impoffible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the fpirit of a tapfter.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamefter.

Arm. I confefs both; they are both the varnifh of a compleat man.

Moth. Then, I am fure, you know how much the grofs-fum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the bafe vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this fuch a piece of ftudy? Now here's three ftudied ere you'll thrice wink; and how eafy is it to put years to the word three, and ftudy three years in two words, the dancing horfe will tell you.

Arm. A moft fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confefs, I am in love; and, as

* *Meaning* money.

it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd curtsey. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, Master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, Master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson, strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, Master,

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:

They

Then if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.

A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the king and the beggar?

Moth. "The world was guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome "three ages ſince, but, I think, now 'tis not to be "found;" or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I do love that country-girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Coſtard; ſhe deſerves well—

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter deſerves. [*Aſide.*

Arm. Sing, boy, my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's greater marvel loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company is paſs'd.

SCENE IV.

Enter Coſtard, Dull, Jaquenetta *a maid.*

Dull. Sir, the King's pleaſure is, that you keep Coſtard ſafe; and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he muſt faſt three days a-week. For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park, ſhe is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myſelf with bluſhing. Maid,—

Jaq. Man,

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewel.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſh'd.

Coſt. I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Moth. No, Sir, that were faſt and looſe; thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee——

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay, nothing, Maſter Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* Moth *and* Coſtard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhoe (which is baſer) guided by her foot (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, which is a great argument of falſehood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſely attempted? Love is a familiar, love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love; yet Samſon was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-ſhaft is too hard for Hercules's club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier; the firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the Paſſado he reſpects not, the Duello he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me, ſome extemporal god of rhime, for I am ſure I ſhall turn ſonneteer. Deviſe wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria Catharine, Boyet, *Lords, and other attendants.*

Boyet. NOW, Madam, summon up your dearest spirits;
Consider, whom the King your father sends;
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea, of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmens tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now, to task the tasker; good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court;
Therefore to us seems it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
Haste, signify so much, while we attend,

Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go, [*Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and your's is so.
Who are the votaries, my loving Lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?
Lord. Longaville is one.
Prin. Know ye the man?
Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized.
In Normandy saw I this Longaville,
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should spare none that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Cath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alanson's once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report of his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;

And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſs my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe!
Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now what admittance, Lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addreſs'd to meet you, gentle Lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learn'd,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes Navarre.

SCENE II.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and attendants.*

King. Fair Princeſs, welcome to the court of Navarre.
Prin. Fair I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be your's; and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.
King. You ſhall be welcome, Madam, to my court.
Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.
King. Hear me, dear Lady, I have ſworn an oath.
Prin. Our Lady help my Lord! he'll be forſworn.
King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will ſhall break its will, and nothing elſe.
King. Your Ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath ſworn out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my Lord;
Not ſin to break it. ——
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold:
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.

Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.
King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Roſ. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Roſ. How needleſs was it then to aſk the queſtion?
Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Roſ. 'Tis long of you, that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſ. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Roſ. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.
Biron. Now fair befal your maſk!
Roſ. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And ſend you many lovers!
Roſ. Amen, ſo you be none!
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an entire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay, that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the money's worth:
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendſhip with his Majeſty.
But that it ſeems he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns, and not demands,
On payment of an hundred thouſand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain ſo gelded as it is.

Dear

Dear Princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breaſt;
And go well ſatisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arreſt your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me ſo.

Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto:
Mean time receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come, fair Princeſs, in my gates;
But here, without, you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel;
To-morrow we ſhall viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your [Grace!

King. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place.
[*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Roſ. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would you heard it grone *.

Dum.

* —— heard it grone.
Roſ. Is the † fool ſick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.

† *Soul.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alanson, *Rosaline* her name.
Dum. A gallant lady; Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in white †?
Boyet. She is an heir of Faulconbridge ‡.
Long. She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be ‖. [*Exit* Long.
If

Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says, Ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?
Ros. No poynt, with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And your's from long living!
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Exit.*
Dum. Sir, &c.

† ——— she in white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.
Long. Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard!
Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.
She is an, &c.

‡ ——— Faulconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is, &c.

‖ ——— that may be.
Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Catharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, Sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu!
Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit*. Biron.
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, (sweet lamb), unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish the jest?

Boyet,

If my obfervation, (which very feldom lyes),
By the heart's ftill rhetoric, difclofed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected *.

Rof. Thou art an old love-monger, and fpeak'ft skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Rof. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then? do you fee?

Boyet. So you grant pafture for me.

Mar. Not fo, gentle beaft;
My lips are no common, though feveral they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree,
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.
If my obfervation, &c.

* ——— is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reafon?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough defire:
His heart, like an agat with your print impreffed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreffed,
His tongue, all impatient to fpeak and not fee,
Did ftumble with hafte in his eye fight to be:
All fenfes to that fenfe did make their repair,
To feel only looking on faireft of fair;
Methought all his fenfes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryftal for fome prince to buy;
Who tend'ring their own worth, from whence they were glafs'd,
Did point out to buy them, along as you pafs'd.
His faces' own margent did quote fuch amazes,
That all eyes faw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An' you give him for my fake but one loving kifs.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is difpos'd ——

Boyet. But to fpeak that in words which his eye hath difclos'd;
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.

Rof. Thou art, &c.

Rof. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The park, near the palace.

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. WArble, child; make paffionate my fenfe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel —— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air! go, tendernefs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the fwain; bring him feftinately hither: I muft employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Mafter, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How mean'ft thou, brawling in French?

Moth. No, my compleat Mafter; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; figh a note and fing a note; fometimes through the throat, as if you fwallow'd love with finging love; fometimes through the nofe, as if you fnuff'd up love by fmelling love; with your hat penthoufe like, o'er the fhop of your eyes; with your arms crofs'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbet on a fpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a fnip, and away: thefe are 'complifhments, thefe are humours; thefe betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without thefe, and make them men of note (do you note me?) that are moft affected to thefe?

Arm. How haft thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of obfervation.

Arm. But O, but O——

Moth. *The hobby-horfe is forgot* *.

Arm. Call'ft thou my love *hobby-horfe*?

Moth. No, Mafter; the hobby-horfe is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoft I had.

* The burthen of an old fong.

Moth.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, Maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this *by in*, and *out of*, upon the inſtant: *by* heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her; *in* heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiz'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs.

Arm. Ha, ha, what ſay'ſt thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gated: but I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead of metal heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt Maſter; or rather, Maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, Sir, to ſay ſo.
Is that lead ſlow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoak of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute juvenile, voluble, and free of grace;
By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

SCENE II. *Re-enter* Moth *and* Costard *.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear

* ——— *and* Costard.
Moth. A wonder, Mast.r; here's a Costard broken in a shin.
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy *l'env.y* begin.
Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'env.y*, no *l'envoy*, or salve, Sir, but plantan.
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling; O pardon me, my stars! doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?
Moth. Doth the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?
Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.
Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at od.s, being but three.
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
A good *l'en.oy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?
Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain; a goose, that's flat;
Sir, your pennyworth is goo., an' your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; I, that's a fat goose.
Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?
Moth. By saying, that a C.stard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.
Cost. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came the argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.
Arm. But tell me, how was there a Costard broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth.
I will speak that *l'envoy*
Costard running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost.

bear this ſignificant to the country-maid Jaquenetta; there is remuneration; for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.— [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I. Signior Coſtard, adieu! [*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh, my in-cony jewel! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings! three farthings, remuneration. What's the price of this incle? a penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than a French crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

SCENE III. *Enter* Biron.

Biron. O my good knave Coſtard, exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your Worſhip, God be with you.

Biron. O ſtay, ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah, Coſtard, I will infranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one Francis; I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty; enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give, &c.

•*Coſt.*

Coſt. I will come to your Worſhip to-morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon.
Hark, ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the park:
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her; aſk for her,
And to her ſweet hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Coſt. Guerdon,—— O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration; elevenpence farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration.—— [*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans:
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents:
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces:
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting parators: (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, ſtoop!
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by Heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to:—it is a plague,

That

That Cupid will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and grone:
Some men muſt love my Lady, and ſome Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A pavilion in the park near the palace.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, *Lords, attendants, and a Foreſter.*

Prin. WAS that the King that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well, Lords, to-day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, Foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot *.

Boyet.

* ——— the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that ſhoot:
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, Madam; for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!
For. Yes, Madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.
But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot,
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill;
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill,

And,

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth †.

Coſt. I have a letter from Monſieur Biron to one Lady Roſaline.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine.
Stand aſide, good bearer.——Boyet, you can carve:
Break up this capon *.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet *reads.*

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itſelf, that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itſelf; have commiſeration on thy heroical

And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curs'd wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty
Only for praiſe-ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praiſe; and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues her lord.

Enter Coſtard.

Boyet. Here comes, &c.
† ——— commonwealth.

Coſt. God dig you den all; pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt and the talleſt; it is ſo, truth is truth.
An' my waſte, miſtreſs, were as ſlander as your wit,
One o' theſe maids girdles for my waiſt ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir! what's your will!

Coſt. I have, &c.

* Meaning the letter, as *poulet* in French ſignifies both a *chicken* and a *love-letter.*

vaſſal.

vaſſal. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King Cophetua ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly ſay, Veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O baſe and obſcure vulgar!),* videlicet, *He came, ſaw, and overcame: he came, one; ſaw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What ſaw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The concluſion is victory: on whoſe ſide? the King's; the captive is inrich'd: on whoſe ſide? the beggar's. The cataſtrophe is a nuptial: on whoſe ſide? the King's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King, (for ſo ſtands the compariſon); thou the beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I inforce thy love? I could. Shall I intreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thyſelf? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus doſt thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive, (poor ſoul), what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtyle.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court,
A phantaſm, a monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my Lord.

Prin. To whom ſhouldſt thou give it?

Cost. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which Lord to which Lady?

Cost. From my Lord Berown, a good maſter of mine,
To a Lady of France, that he call'd Roſaline.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, Lords, away.
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day *.

[*Exit Princeſs attended.*

SCENE

* ——— another day.

Boyet. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?

Roſ. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Roſ. Why, ſhe that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My Lady goes to kill horns: but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on. ———

Roſ. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Roſ. If we chuſe by horns, yourſelf; come not near.
Finely put on, indeed. ———

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, Boyet, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Roſ. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſ. *Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it;* [Singing.
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;*
An' I cannot, another can. [*Exit* Roſ.

Cost. By my troth, moſt pleaſant; how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark, ſays my Lady;
Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o'th bow-hand, i'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

Cost. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt all but* Coſtard.

Cost.

SCENE II.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, *and Sir* Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *ſanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*, the ſky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Maſter Holofernes, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt. But, Sir, I aſſure you it was a buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation; yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination; after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rathereſt unconfirmed faſhion, to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not repleniſhed. He is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts; and ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thank-

Coſt. By my ſoul, a ſwain; a moſt ſimple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts, moſt incony vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely; as it were, ſo fit.
Armado o' th' one ſide,——O a moſt dainty man;
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
To ſee him kiſs his hand, and how moſt ſweetly he will ſwear;
And his page o' t' other ſide, that handful of wit:
Ah, heav'ns! it is a moſt pathetical nit.

[*Exit* Coſtard.

[*Shooting within.*

ful should be for those parts (which we taste and feel, *ingradare*) that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool;
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.
But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good-man Dull; Dictynna, good-man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the Moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more:
And rought not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer; and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princess kill'd, a *pricket*.

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful Princess pierce'd and prickt
A pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore,
Till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to sore,
Then sorel jumpt from thicket;

Or pricket ſore, or elſe ſorel,
The people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore
Makes fifty ſores of ſorel.
Of one ſore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſh'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion; but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But, *vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*; a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

SCENE III. *Enter* Jaquenetta, *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, Maſter Parſon *. Good Maſter Parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by Coſtard, and ſent me from Don Armatho; I beſeech you, read it. [Nath. *reads to himſelf.*

Hol. Fauſte, precor, gelida quando pecus omne ſub umbra.

* ——— Maſter Parſon.
Hol. Maſter Parſon, *quaſi* Perſon. And if one ſhould be pierce'd, which is the one.
Coſt. Marry, Maſter Schoolmaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.
Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead, a good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.
Jaq. Good Maſter, &c.

luminat, and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan *, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice; *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not:—*ut re sol la mi fa.* Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? Or rather, as Horace says in his: What, my soul! verses?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, Domine.*

Nath. If love makes me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Tho' to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder:
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder;
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong.
That sings heav'n's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophe's, and so miss the accent. Let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd; but for the elegancy, facility,

* He means *Baptista Spagnolus*, surnamed *Mantuanus* from the place of his birth, a writer of poems, who lived towards the end of the fifteenth century.

and

and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why, indeed, *Naso*; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the try'd horse his rider. But, *Damosella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron, to one of the strange Queen's ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.

This Biron is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* Cost. *and* Jaq.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To* Dull.] you ſhall not ſay me, Nay: *Pauca berba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Biron, *with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am courſing myſelf. They have picht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, ſet thee down, ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the fool ſaid; and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax, it kills ſheep, it kills me, I a ſheep. Well prov'd again on my ſide. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to grone! [*He ſtands aſide.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, ſweet Cupid; thou haſt thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, ſecrets.——

King [*reads.*] So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not
To thoſe freſh morning-drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,

As

As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
  Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
  So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
  And they thy glory thro' my grief will shew;
But do not love thyself, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.——

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*The* King *steps aside.*

Enter Longaville.

What! Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.
Biron. Now in thy likeness one more fool appears.
Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.
Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.
King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.
Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?
Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know;
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the three-corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.
Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, Empress of my love,
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Biron. O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.
Long. The same shall go. [*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
  ('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
  Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment:

A

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
If broken then it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this?——company; stay.——

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy-god, here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets headfully o'er-eye:
More sacks to the mill! O heav'ns, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish?

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [*aside.*

Dum. By heav'n the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth she is but corporal; there you lye. [*aside.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*aside.*

King

King. And mine too, good Lord! [*aſide.*
Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine! Is not that a good word? [*aſide.*
Dum. I would forget her, but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, inciſion
Would let her out in ſawcers, ſweet miſpriſion. [*aſide.*
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit. [*aſide.*

Dumain *reads his ſonnet.*

On a day, (alack, the day!)
Love whoſe mouth is ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, (quoth he), thy cheeks may blow
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But, alack, my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove wou'd ſwear,
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain.
That ſhall expreſs my true love's feſtring pain;
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do doat.
Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety: [*coming forward.*

You may look pale; but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo,
King. Come, Sir, you bluſh; as his, your caſe is ſuch; [*coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria? Longaville
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile?
Nor never laid his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart?
I have been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion.
Ay me! ſays one; O Jove! the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes.
You would for paradiſe break faith and troth;
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will Biron ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? How will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, geap, and laugh at it;
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me,
Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſy.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
[*coming forward.*
Good heart, what grace has thou thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that are moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
There is no certain Princeſs that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh; none but minſtrels like of ſonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'erſhot?
You found his mote, the King your mote did ſee:
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen?
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a king transform'd to a knot!
To ſee great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon tuning a jigg!

And Neſtor play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And Cynic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O tell me, good Dumain;
And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breaſt?
A candle, hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in,
I am betray'd by keeping company
With vane-like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or grone for Joan? or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? when ſhall you hear, that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true man or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the King!

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our Parſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon, he ſaid.

King. Biron, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Jaq. Of Coſtard.

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame. [*To* Coſtard.

Guilty, my Lord, guilty: I confeſs, I confeſs.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs.

He, he, and you; and you my Liege, and I
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will theſe turtles be gone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay. [*Exeunt* Coſt. *and* Jaquen.

Biron. Sweet Lords, ſweet lovers, O, let us embrace:
As true we are as fleſh and blood can be.
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven will ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born,
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline,
That (like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt)
Bows not his vaſſal head, and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?

King. What zeal, what fury, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love (her miſtreſs) is a gracious moon;
She (an attending ſtar) ſcarce ſeen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd ſovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues;
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe; the praiſe, too ſhort, doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, fiveſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if now-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;
O, 'tis the ſun that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book,
That I may ſwear, Beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black?
King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell:
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night;
And beauty's crete becomes the heav'ns well.
Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light:
O, if in black my Lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that painting and uſurping hair
Should raviſh doaters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-ſweepers black.
Long. And ſince her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their ſweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.
King. 'Twere good, your's did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face see.
Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over-head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and good Biron now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need.
Have at you then, Affection's men at arms;
Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, (Lords),
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such duty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself;
And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourſelves we ſee in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, Lords:
And in that vow we have forſworn our books:
For when would you, my Liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil.
'But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
'Lives not alone inmured in the brain;
'But with the motion of all elements,
'Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
'And gives to every power a double power,
'Above their functions and their offices.
'It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye:
'A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
'A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
'When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
'Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
'Than are the tender horn's of cockled ſnails.
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus groſs in ſtate;
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Heſperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as ſweet and muſical
As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair:
And when Love ſpeaks the voice of all the gods,
Mark, heaven drowſy with the harmony!
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's ſighs;
O then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From womens' eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were theſe women to forſwear:
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For Wiſdom's ſake, (a word that all men love);

Or for Love's ſake, (a word all women love);
Or for men's ſake, (the author of theſe women);
Or womens ſake, (by whom we men are men):
Let us once loſe our oaths to find ourſelves;
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forſworn,
For charity itſelf fulfils the law:
And who can ſever love from charity?
King. Saint Cupid, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!
Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and, upon them,
Lords;
Pell-mell, down with them; but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.
Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay theſe glozes by;
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of France?
King. And win them too; therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Biron. Firſt, from the park let us conduct them thi-
Then homeward every man attach the hand [ther;
Of his fair miſtreſs; in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape:
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! Allons! ſown cockle reap'd no corn;
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſtreet.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Hol. SAtis, *quod ſufficit.*
Nath. I praiſe God for you, Sir, your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this *quondam* day

day with a companion of the King's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. Novi hominem, tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his difcourfe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majeftical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical. He is too piqued, too fpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moft fingular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbofity finer than the ftaple of his argument. I abhor fuch phanatical phantafms, fuch infociable and point-devife companions; fuch rackers of orthography, as do fpeak dout fine, when he fhould fay doubt; det, when he fhould pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne This is abominable, which we would call abhominable: it infinuateth me of infanity: *Ne intelligis, Domine,* to make frantic, lunatic?

Nath. Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.

Hol. Bone? —— *bone,* for *benè*; Prifcian a little fcratch'd; 'twill ferve.

SCENE II. *Enter* Armado, Moth, *and* Coftard.

Nath. Videfne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. Quare chirra, not firrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Moft military Sir, falutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaft of languages, and ftole the fcraps.

Coft. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-bafket of words. I marvel thy mafter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not fo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art eafier fwallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monfieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book:

What

What is A B ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I.——

Moth. The ſheep; the other two concludes it, o, u,

Arm. Now, by the ſalt wave of the Mediterraneum, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit; ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*; a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Coſt. An' I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy ginger-bread; hold there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou halfpenny purſe of wit, thou piegeon-egg of diſcretion. O, that the heav'ns were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? go to, thou haſt it *ad dunghill*; at the finger's ends, as they ſay.

Hol. O, I ſmell falſe Latin, *dunghill* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *ſans queſtion*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſs at her pavilion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the

the word is well cull'd, choice, ſweet, and apt, I do aſſure you, Sir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do aſſure you, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it paſs——I do beſeech thee, remember thy curteſy——I beſeech thee, apparel thy head, — and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns, and of great import indeed too —but let that paſs:—for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio; but, ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his Greatneſs to impart to Armado, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world; but let that paſs——the very all of all is—but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy——that the King would have me preſent the Princeſs (ſweet chuck) with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth, (as it were), I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies. Sir, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the *poſterior* of this day, to be rendered by our aſſiſtants at the King's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate, and learned gentleman, before the Princeſs: I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, yourſelf; this gallant man, Judas Maccabeus; this ſwain (becauſe of his great limb or joint) ſhall paſs Pompey the great; and the page Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent Hercules in minority; his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling

gling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry; "Well done, Hercules, now "thou cruſheſt the ſnake;" that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies,——

Hol. I will play three myſelf.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via! good-man Dull thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons; we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt Dull, to our ſport away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the Princeſs's pavilion.*

Enter Princeſs and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!——
Look you what I have from the loving King.

Roſ. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhime
As would be cramm'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on Cupid's name.

Roſ. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſ. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

Cath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died; had ſhe been light, like you,

Of

Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd.
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.
Roſ. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?
Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.
Roſ. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Cath. You'll mar the light by taking it in ſnuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
Roſ. Look, what you do; and do it ſtill i' th' dark.
Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Roſ. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon; for paſt cure is ſtill paſt care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But, Roſaline, you have a favour too.
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as your's,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank Biron.
The numbers true, and were the numb'ring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.
Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Roſ. Ware pencils *. How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face were not ſo full of Oes!
Cath. Pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all ſhrews.
Prin. But what was ſent to you from fair Dumain?
Cath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?
Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover.

* Meaning to check Catharine for her painting, pencil being a painting bruſh.

A huge tranflation of hypocrify,
Vildly compil'd, profound fimplicity.
Mar. This, and thefe pearls, to me fent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no lefs; doft thou not wifh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter fhort?
Mar. Ay, or I would thefe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wife girls to mock our lovers for't.
Rof. They are worfe fools to purchafe mocking fo.
That fame Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and feek,
And wait the feafon, and obferve the times,
And fpend his prodigal wits in bootlefs rhimes,
And fhape his fervice all to my behefts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jefts:
So portent-like * would I o'erfway his ftate,
That he fhould be my fool, and I his fate †.
Prin. None are fo furely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wifdom hatch'd,
Hath wifdom's warrant, and the help of fchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Rof. The blood of youth burns not in fuch excefs,
As gravity's revolt to wantonnefs.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not fo ftrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wife, when wit doth doat:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in fimplicity.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am ftabb'd with laughter; where's her Grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.
Arm, wenches, arm; encounters mounted are
Againft your peace; love doth approach difguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be furpris'd.

* *Portents* have been always look'd upon not only as the *tokens* and *fignals*, but the *inftruments* alfo of *deftiny*.
† See vol. 1. p. 287. note 2.

Muſter your wits, ſtand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis, to Saint Cupid! what are they
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.

Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade, I might behold, addreſt
The King and his companions; warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you ſhall overhear;
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage.
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out:
For, quoth the king, an angel ſhalt thou ſee;
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, An angel is not evil;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.——
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via!* we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd, and cry'd, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians, as I gueſs.
Their purpoſe is to parley, court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſev'ral miſtreſs; which they'll know,
By favours ſev'ral, which they did beſtow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, Ladies, we will every one be mask'd:
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suit, to see a Lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline; this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take you this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline,
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then, wear the favours most in sight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to cross theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several councils they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Sound.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come.

SCENE V.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *and attendants, disguis'd like Muscovites;* Moth *with music, as for a masquerade.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.
Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.
Out ——
Biron. True; *out*, indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heav'nly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold.
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes ——
With your sun-beamed eyes ——
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet.
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the Princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it; and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herſelf.
Roſ. How many weary ſteps
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Roſ. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moonſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure vouchſafe but one change;
Thou bid'ſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſ. Play, muſic, then; nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet; no dance: thus change I, like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? how come you thus eſtrange'd?
Roſ. You took the moon at full, but now ſhe's change'd.
King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
The muſic plays, vouchſafe ſome motion to it.
Roſ. Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice; take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take you hands then!
Roſ. Only to part friends;
Curt'ſie, ſweet hearts, and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
King. Prize yourſelves then; what buys your company?
Roſ. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſ. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Rof. In private then.

King. I am beft pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed miftrefs, one fweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and fugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow fo nice,
Methegline, wort, and malmfey;——well run, dice:
There's half a dozen fweets.

Prin. Seventh fweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in fecret.

Prin. Let it not be fweet.

Biron. Thou griev'ft my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter ——

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchfafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair Lady,——

Mar. Say you fo? fair Lord:
Take that for your fair Lady.

Dum. Pleafe it you;
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Cath. What, was your vifor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reafon, Lady, why you afk.

Cath O, for your reafon! quickly, Sir, I long.

Long. You have a double-tongue within your mafk,
And would afford my fpeechlefs vifor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman; is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair Lady?

Cath. No, a fair Lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourfelf in thefe fharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chafte Lady? do not fo.

Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Cath. Bleat foftly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invincible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:
Above the sense of sensible, so sensible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.—

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt* King *and* Lords.

SCENE VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are with your sweet breaths puft out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?
This pert Biron was out of count'nance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases.
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No, *point*, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Cath. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart,
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here

In

In their own ſhapes; for it can never be
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows:
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in this ſummer-air.

Prin. How, blow? how, blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.

Boyet. "Fair ladies maſk'd, are roſes in the bud,
"Or angels veil'd in clouds: are roſes blown,
"Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown."

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what ſhall we do
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?

Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'll be adviſ'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguiſ'd;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguiſ'd, like Muſcovites, in ſhapeleſs * gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vildly penn'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Before the Princeſs's pavilion.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their own habits*; Boyet *meeting them.*

King. Fair Sir, God ſave you! Where's the Princeſs?

Boyet. Gone to her tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, command me any ſervice to her?

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my Lord.
[*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pidgeons peas;
And utters it again, when Jove doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and waſſals, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.

* Some read *uncouth* for ſhapeleſs.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve.
He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most mainly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone.——
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *and attendants* *.

King. We come to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke:
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsully'd lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:

* ——— *attendants.*
Biron. See, where it comes: behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
King. We come, &c.

So

So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo, my Lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game.
A meſs of Ruſſians left us but of late.
King. How, Madam, Ruſſians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my Lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Roſ. Madam, ſpeak true. It is no ſo, my Lord:
My Lady (to the manner of the days)
In courteſy gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four indeed, confronted were with four
In Ruſſian habit: here they ſtaid an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my Lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh; when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing heav'n's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am your's, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſ. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſ. Which of the viſors was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what viſor? why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizor, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
King. We are deſcried; they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my Lord? why looks your Highneſs ſad?

Roſ.

Ros. Help, hold his brows, he'll ſwoon: why look you pale?
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from Muſcovy.

Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, Lady, dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend,
Nor woo in rhime like a blind harper's ſong.
Taffata-phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical, theſe ſummer-flies,
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:
I do forſwear them; and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſs'd
In ruſſet *Yeas*, and honeſt kerſy *Noes*:
And to begin, wench, (ſo God help me, law!),
My love to thee is ſound, *ſans* crack or flaw.

Roſ. Sans, ſans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am ſick.
I'll leave it by degrees: ſoft, let us ſee;
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on thoſe three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free;
For the Lords tokens on you both I ſee.

Prin. No, they are free that gave theſe tokens to us.

Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.

Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, ſweet Madam, for our rude tranſ-
Some fair excuſe. [greſſion

Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well adviſ'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your Lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.

Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.

King. Deſpiſe me when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. Roſeline,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?

Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble Lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my
I never ſwore this Lady ſuch an oath. [troth,

Roſ. By heav'n you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, to th' Princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did ſhe wear:
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What? will you have me; or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't; here was a conſent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To daſh it, like a Chriſtmas comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick,
That ſmiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,
Told our intents before; which once diſclos'd,

The

The ladies did change favours, and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is. –And might not you [*To* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my Lady's foot by th' ſquier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And ſtand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtrait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou parteſt a fair fray.

Coſt. O Lord, Sir, they would know
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No, Sir, but it is vara fine;
For every one purſents three.

Biron. And three times three is nine?

Coſt. Not ſo, Sir, under correction, Sir; I hope it is not ſo.
You cannot beg us, Sir; I can aſſure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope three times thrice, Sir—

Biron. Is not nine?

Coſt. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Coſt. O Lord, Sir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O Lord, Sir, the parties themſelves, the actors, Sir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach. [*Exit* Cost.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my Lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the King's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good Lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;
Their form, confounded, makes most form in mirth;
When great things, labouring, perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my Lord.

SCENE IX. *Enter* Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy Royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most Royal coupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: he presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish-curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabeus.
And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *novum*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard *for* Pompey.

Cost. *I Pompey am*——

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. *I Pompey am*——

Boyet. With Libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.*

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, Sir; *Pompey, surnam'd the Great;*
That oft in field, with targe and shield,
Did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your Ladyship would say, "Thanks,—Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in *great.*

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismaid: proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron.

Biron. Pompey the Great.——

Coſt. Your ſervant, and Coſtard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Aliſander.

Coſt. O Sir, you have overthrown Aliſander the conqueror. [*To* Nath.] You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion that holds the poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool, will be given to A-jax *: he will be then the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to ſpeak? run away for ſhame, Aliſander. There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth, and a very good bowler; but for Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis a little o'er-parted: but there are worthies a-coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes *for* Judas, *and* Moth *for* Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercles is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus*;
And when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his *manus*:
Quoniam he ſeemeth in minority,
Ergo, I come with this apology.——
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. [*Exit* Moth.

Hol. *Judas I am.*

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iſcariot, Sir;
Judas I am, ycleped Machabeus.

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kiſſing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. *Judas I am.*

Dum. The more ſhame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himſelf.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

* A ridicule upon the arms given to *Alexander* in the hiſtory of the nine worthies; and it ends in a wretched quibble upon the words *Ajax* and *A-jakes*.

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-face'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet *Jude*; nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *ass* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as*, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas; it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas! poor Machabeus, how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head Achilles, here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best endu'd in the small.

Biron.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a God or a painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,*———

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullambine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a grey-hound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my device;
Sweet Royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis your's.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipt for Jaquenetta, that is quick by him; and hanged for Pompey, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd; more *Atès*, more *Atès*; stir them on, stir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do't by the sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. "True, and it was injoin'd him in Rome for "want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore "none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that he "wears next his heart for a favour."

SCENE X. *Enter* Macard.

Mac. God save you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, Macard, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mac. I'm sorry, Madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

Prin. Dead! for my life.

Mac. Even so, my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I have seen

ſeen the day of right through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right myſelf like a ſoldier.

[*Exeunt worthies.*

King. How fares your Majeſty ?

Prin. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not ſo ; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious Lords,
For all your fair endeavours ; and intreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits ;
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath, your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy Lord ;
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue :
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks,
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed ;
And often, at his very looſe, decides
That which long proceſs could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſy of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince ;
Yet ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd : ſince to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief ;
And by theſe badges underſtand the King,
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty, Ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to th' oppoſed end of our intents ;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, ſkipping in vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying

Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Thoſe heav'nly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make them: therefore, Ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to ourſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that makes us both; fair Ladies, you:
And even that falſehood, in itſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies itſelf, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embaſſadors of love:
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy;
As bumbaſt, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, (ſave our reſpects),
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.

Long. So did our looks.

Roſ. We did not quote them ſo.

King. Now at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and therefore, this——
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me;
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,

But

But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me; challenge me, by these deserts;
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To fetter up these powers of mine with rest;
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

[* *Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cath. A wife!--a beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Cath. Not so, my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
I'll mark no words that smooth-face'd wooers say.
Come, when the King doth to my Lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my Lady? Mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for my love.

* These six lines are misplaced, and ought to be expunged, as being the author's first draught only, of what he afterwards improved and made more perfect. Mr. *Warburton.*

Roſ. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I ſaw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not to be won);
You ſhall this twelve-month term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

Roſ. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit;
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well; befal, what will befal,
I'll jeſt a twelvemonth in an hoſpital.

Prin. Ay, ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.
[*To the King.*

King. No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill; theſe ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me——

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most-esteem'd Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.——

Enter all, for the song.

This side is *Hiems*, winter.
This *Ver*, the spring: The one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The SONG.

SPRING.

When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows much bedight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmens' clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer-smocks:
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the ſhepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy Jone doth keel pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's noſe looks red and raw;
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy Jone doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE.
Frederick, *brother to the Duke and usurper of his dukedom.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
Jaques, }
Le Beu, *a courtier attending on Frederick.*
Oliver, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a servant to the Duke.*
Jaques, } *younger brothers to Oliver.*
Orlando, }
Adam, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando.*
Dennis, *servant to Oliver.*
Charles, *a wrestler, and servant to the usurping Duke Frederick.*
Touchstone, *a clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.*
Corin, } *shepherds.*
Sylvius, }
A clown in love with Audrey.
William, *another clown in love with Audrey.*
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*
Rosalind, *daughter to the Duke.*
Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*
Phebe, *a shepherdess.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*
Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, Foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lies, first, near Oliver's house; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's court and partly in the forest of Arden.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's orchard.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this my father bequeath'd me by will but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit; for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentle- man

man of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his diſcountenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

SCENE II. *Enter* Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orl. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made; a poor unworthy brother of your's with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal's portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir!

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: the courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have

have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his revenue.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain!

Orla. I am no villain. I am the youngeſt ſon of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thyſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orla. I will not, till I pleaſe; you ſhall hear me. My father charge'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman; or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice. God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

S C E N E III.

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſic your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worſhip?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in;—'twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your Worſhip.

Oli. Good Monſieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving Lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him; whoſe lands and revenues inrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Roſalind, the Duke's daughter, be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter her couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the *old Robin Hood* of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time careleſsly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well.

Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I must for mine own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and all together against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, Charles, he is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; intrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it), there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale, and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your Worship. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device, of all sorts inchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all; nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an open walk before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in your's.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she

ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favoured.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of natuie.

Enter Touchſtone, *a clown.*

Cel. No! when Nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the fire? tho' Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Roſ. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature; when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone: for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. "Of a certain Knight, that ſwore by his ho-" nour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his ho-" nour the muſtard was naught." Now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'ſt?

Clo.

Clo. One that old Frederick your father loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; ſpeak no more of him, you'll be whipp'd for taxation one of theſe days.

Clo. The more pity that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true; for ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilence'd, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beu.

SCENE V. *Enter* Le Beu.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pidgeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better, we ſhall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monſieur Le Beu, what news?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Blu. What colour, Madam? how ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, Ladies; I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it pleaſe your Ladyſhips you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man and his three ſons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;——

Roſ. With bills on their necks.

Clo. *Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents*——

Le Beu,

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles the Duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the ſport, Monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! It is the firſt time that ever I head breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſet this broken muſic in his ſides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? ſhall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beu. You muſt, if you ſtay here; for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming; let us now ſtay and ſee it.

SCENE VI.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords*, Orlando, Charles, *and attendants.*

Duke. Come on; ſince the youth will not be intreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and couſin; are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my Liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be intreated. Speak to him, Ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beu.

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by. [Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beu. Monſieur the challenger, the Princeſſes call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: you have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength. If you ſaw yourſelf with our eyes, or knew yourſelf with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young Sir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed; we will make it our ſuit to the Duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo. I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out her's.

Roſ. Fare you well; pray Heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Orla. Your hearts' deſires be with you!——

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you ſhall not in-

treat

treat him to a fecond, that have fo mightily perfuaded him from a firft.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you fhould not have mock'd me before; but come your ways.

Rof. Now Hercules be thy fpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invifible, to catch the ftrong fellow by the leg! [*They wreftle.*

Rof. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who fhould down.

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I befeech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doft thou, Charles?

Le Beu. He cannot fpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. *Orlando*, my Liege, the youngeft fon of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would thou hadft been fon to fome man elfe!
The world efteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ftill mine enemy:
Thou fhould'ft have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadft thou defcended from another houfe.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadft told me of another father.
[*Exit* Duke, *with his train.*

SCENE VII. *Manent* Celia, Rofalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's fon,
His youngeft fon, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rof. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his foul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his fon,
I fhould have giv'n him tears unto intreaties,
Ere he fhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle coufin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious difpofition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deferv'd:

If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all in promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair Gentleman.

Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you? —— my better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeleſs block.

Roſ. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll aſk him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Roſ. Have with you: fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Cel.

Orla. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urge'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humourous; what he is indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves

And dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake:
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoak into the ſmother;
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant brother:
But, heav'nly Roſalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an apartment in the palace.

Re-enter Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind; Cupid have mercy; not a word!

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my father's child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try, if I could cry, Hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a fall;—but, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

Roſ. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe I ſhould hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Roſ. No, faith, hate him not for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I? doth he not deſerve well!

SCENE IX. *Enter* Duke, *with Lords.*

Roſ. Let me love him for that; and do you love him becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Roſ. Me, uncle!

Duke. You, couſin.
Within theſe ten days, if that thou be'ſt found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I do beſeech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do truſt, I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:
Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I when your Highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highneſs baniſh'd him;
Treaſon is not inherited, my Lord;

Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me! my father was no traitor:
Then, good my Liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay, Celia, we but ſtaid here for your ſake;
Elſe had ſhe with her father range'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her ſtay;
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool; ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſhine more virtuous,
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have paſs'd upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my Liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool: you, niece, provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *&c.*

SCENE X.

Cel. O my poor Roſalind, where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin:
Pr'ythee, be chearful; know'ſt thou not, the Duke
Has baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Roſalind lacks then the love,
Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſunder'd? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?

 No,

No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Wer't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me *Ganymede*.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assaid to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Arden forest.

Enter Duke *senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like foresters.*

Duke senior. NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
'Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
'Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
'More free from peril than the envious court?
'Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
'The season's difference; as, the icy phang,
'And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
'Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
'Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
'That feelingly persuade me what I am.
'Sweet are the uses of adversity,
'Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
'Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
'Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
'Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke sen. Come, shall we go, and kill us venison!
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fool,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestred stag,

That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke ſen. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke ſen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke ſen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Changes to the palace again.*

Enter Duke Frederick, *with Lords.*

Duke. Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be; ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.
1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.
2 *Lord.* My Lord, the royniſh clown at whom ſo oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Heſperia, the Princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and Graces of the wreſtler,
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;
And ſhe believes, where-ever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.
Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither:
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Oliver's houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. Who's there?
Adam. What! my young maſter? oh, my gentle maſter,
Oh, my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, Maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?

No more do your's; your virtues, gentle Master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Invenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no; no brother; yet the son,—
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father),
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce [food?
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. 'But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
'The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
'Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
'When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
'And unregarded age in corners thrown:
'Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
'Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
'Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold,
'All this I give you, let me be your servant;
'Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
'For in my youth I never did apply
'Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
'Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
'The means of weakness and debility;

'Therefore

'Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
'Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;'
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world;
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their service up
Even with the having; it is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
Yet Fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind *in boys cloaths for* Ganymede, Celia *dress'd like a shepherdess for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear

bear you; yet I ſhould bear no croſs, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

Clo. Ay; now I am in Arden, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Sylvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill,

Syl. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Syl. No, Corin, being old, thou can'ſt not gueſs,
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight-pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure, I think, did never man love ſo),
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Syl. 'O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
'If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
'That ever love did make thee run into;
'Thou haſt not lov'd. ——
'Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
'Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
'Thou haſt not lov'd. ——
'Or if thou haſt not broke from company
'Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me;
'Thou haſt not lov'd.' ——
O Phebe! Phebe! Phebe! [*Exit.* Syl.

Roſ. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. "And I mine. I remember, when I was in "love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him "take that for coming a-nights to Jane Smile; and I "remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's "dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and "I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, "from whom I took two cods, and giving her them "again, ſaid with weeping tears, Wear theſe for my "ſake.

" ſake. We that are true lovers, run into ſtrange " capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all na " ture in love mortal in folly."

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Hola; you, clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.

Roſ. Peace, I ſay; Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this deſart place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graſe;
My maſter is of a churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreaks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.

Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain that you ſaw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waſte
My time in it.
Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a deſart part of the foreſt.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Under the greenwood-tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the ſweet birds throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monſieur Jaques.
Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſuck's eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. My voice is rugged; I know I cannot pleaſe you.
Jaq. "I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire "you to ſing;" come, come, another ſtanzo; call you 'em ſtanzo's?
Ami. What you will, Monſieur, Jaques.
Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing.—— Will you ſing?
Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks

me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.——

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong, Sirs; cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give Heav'n thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to lie i' th' ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs;
Leaving his wealth and eaſe
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *Duc ad me?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go to ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the Duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further; O, I die

for food! here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end. I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desart. Cheerly, good Adam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Duke sen. *and Lords.* [*A table set out.*

Duke sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke sen. Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What? you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool;—I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motely fool; a miserably varlet!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motely fool.
'Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune;

'And

'And then he drew a dial from his poak,
'And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
'Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock:
'Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
''Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
'And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. "O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier.
"And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
"They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
"Which is as dry as the remainder-bisket
"After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
"With observation, the which he vents
"In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. "I must have liberty
"Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
"To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
"And they that are most galled with my folly,
"They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they so?
"The why is plain, as way to parish-church;
"He whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
"Doth very foolishly although he smart,
"Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
"The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
"Even by the squand'ring glances of a fool.
Invest me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. "Why, who cries out on pride,
" That can therein tax any private party?
" Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
" 'Till that the very very means do ebb?
" What woman in the city do I name,
" When that I say, the city-woman bears
" The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
" Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
" When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
" Or what is he of basest function,
" That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
" Thinking, that I mean him; but therein suits
" His folly to the metal of my speech?
" There then; how then? what then? let me see
" wherein
" My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
" Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
" Why, then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
" Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Orlando, *with his sword drawn.*

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.——

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt thou, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.

He

He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

Jaq. If you will not
Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.

Duke ſen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force moves us to gentleneſs.

Orla. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Duke ſen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you ſo gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are,
'That in this deſart inacceſſible,
'Under the ſhades of melancholy boughs,
'Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
'If ever you have look'd on better days;
'If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
'If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
'If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
'And know what 'tis to pity, and be pity'd;'
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong inforcement be,
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Duke ſen. True is it that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſat at good mens' feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity had engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke ſen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Duke ſen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woful pageants, than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. 'All the world's a ſtage,
'And all the men and women merely players;
'They have their *Exits* and their entrances,
'And one man in his time plays many parts:
'His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
'Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms.
'And then the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
'And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
'Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover,
'Sighing like furnace with a woful balad
'Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a ſoldier,
'Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
'Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
'Seeking the bubble reputation
'Even in the canon's mouth. And then the juſtice,
'In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
'With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
'Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
'And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
'Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
'With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
'His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
'For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
'Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
'And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
'That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
'Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
'Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

SCENE X. *Enter* Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke ſen. Welcome: ſet down your venerable bur-
And let him feed. [den,

Orla. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need,

I ſcarce

I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

Duke ſen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſic: and, good couſin, ſing.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Moſt friendſhip is feigning; moſt loving mere folly.
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! ſing, &c.

Duke ſen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's ſon,
As you have whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs,
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,
That lov'd your father. The reſidue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The palace.

Enter Duke, *Lords, and* Oliver.

Duke. NOT ſee him ſince? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould

I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument
Of my revenge, thou preſent: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. Oh that your Highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke More villain thou. Well, puſh him out of doors:
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the foreſt.*

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And thou thrice-crowned queen of night ſurvey,
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name that my full life doth ſway.
O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando, carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Corin *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. Touchſtone?

Clo. " Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a " good life; but in reſpect it is a ſhepherd's life, " it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it " very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a " very vile life. Now, in reſpect it is in the fields, it " pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the " court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you,

" it

" it fits my humour well; but as there is no more " plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt " any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. " No more, but that I know, the more one ſic-" kens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that " wants money, means, and content, is without three " good friends: that the property of rain is to wet, " and fire to burn; that good paſture makes fat ſheep; " and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the " ſun; and that he that hath learned no wit by nature " nor art, may complain of groſs breeding, or comes " of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fels, you know, are greaſy.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow;——a better inſtance, I ſay: come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again:—— a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery

of

of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? the courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! learn of the wise and perpend; civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. 'Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat; 'get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's 'happiness; glad of other mens' good; content with 'my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my 'ewes grase, and my lambs suck.'

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Rosalind, *with a paper.*

Ros. *From the east to the western Inde,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

Clo. I'll rhime you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours, excepted: it is the right butter-womens' rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taste.——

If

If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe; and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forester judge.

SCENE V. *Enter* Celia, *with a writing.*

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desart be?*
For it is unpeopled. No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence-end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all, that read, to know
This quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore

Therefore heaven nature charge'd,
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarge'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majeſty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modeſty.
Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heav'nly ſynod was deviſ'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches deareſt priz'd.
Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle juniper!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, Have patience, good people?

Cel. How now? back-friends! ſhepherd, go off a little: go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage.* [*Exeunt* Cor. *and* Clown.

SCENE VI.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear without wondering, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carv'd upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree; I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras's time, that I was an Iriſh rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Roſ. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping ——

Roſ. Good my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more, is a ſouth-ſea off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell me who is it; quickly, and ſpeak apace; I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels and your heart both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe? what did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? what ſaid he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he aſk for me? where remains he? how

how parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: to ſay Ay and No to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atoms, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover: but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, Holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen; thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; ſlink by, and note him.

[Cel. *and* Roſ. *retire.*

Jaq. " I thank you for your company; but, good " faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

Orla. " And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I " thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. " God b'w'y you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. " I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. " I pray you, mar no more trees with writing " love-ſongs in their barks.

Orla.

Orla. "I pray you, mar no more of my verſes with "reading them ill-favouredly."

Jaq. Roſalind, is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers; have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with me, and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but myſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewel good Signior Love! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monſieur Melancholy! [*Cel. and* Roſ. *come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, foreſter?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You ſhould aſk me, What time o' day? there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe, ſighing every minute, and groning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſe'nnight, Time's pace is ſo hard, that it ſeem's the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles Time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and waſteful learning, the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtſhip too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him

him read many lectures againſt it; I thank God I am not a woman to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſic, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes I am ſure you are not priſoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;—but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation: but you are no ſuch man; you are rather, point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein Roſalind is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Roſalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orla. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is merely a madneſs; and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs: and I ſet him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now lothe him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs; which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtic: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in it.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you if you would but call me Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you; and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live. Will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me Roſalind. Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Clown, Audrey, *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good Audrey, I will fetch up your goats, Audrey; and now, Audrey, am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us! what features!

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet honeſt Ovid was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worſe than Jove in a thatch'd houſe.

Clo. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding; it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honeſt in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No, truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd; for honeſty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter! but be that as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? even ſo—poor men alone?—No, no, the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good Maſter What-ye-call: how do you, Sir? you are very well met. God'ild you for your laſt company! I am very glad to ſee you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon his bells, ſo man hath his deſire; and as pidgeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcoat; then one of them will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be

married

married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet Audrey, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewel, good Sir, Oliver; not *O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver leave me not behind thee;* but wind away, begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Changes to a cottage in the forest.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity, as the touch of holy beard *.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana; a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

* Meaning the kiss of charity from hermits and holy men.

Cel.

Cel. Was, is not is; beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings; he attends here in the foreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he aſk'd me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe athwart the heart of his lover; as a puiſny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and Maſter, you have oft inquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain;
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Changes to another part of the foreſt.*

Enter Sylvius *and* Phebe.

Syl. Sweet Phebe, do not ſcorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs. The common executioner,
Whoſe heart th' accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humble neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Than he that deals, and lives by, bloody drops.

Enter

Enter Rofalind, Celia, *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ft me there is murder in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty, fure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'ft and fofteft things,
Who fhut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!——
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to fwoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou can'ft not, oh, for fhame, for fhame,
Lye not, to fay mine eyes are murderers.
Now fhew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some fcar of it; lean but upon a rufh,
The cicatrice and capable impreffure
Thy palm fome moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am fure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Syl. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in fome frefh cheek the power of fancy,
Then fhall you know the wounds invifible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I fhall not pity thee.

Rof. And why, I pray you? who might be your [mother,
That you infult, exult, and rail, at once
Over the wretched? what though you have beauty,
(As, by my faith, I fee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed),
Muft you be therefore proud and pitilefs?
Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
I fee no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's fale-work: odds, my little life!
I think fhe means to tangle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud miftrefs, hope not after it;

'Tis

'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatter her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.
But, Miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank Heav'n, faſting, for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets,
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul * is moſt foul, being found to be a ſcoffer:
So take her to thee, ſhepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Roſ. He's fallen in love with your foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger.——If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee, with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words. Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;
For I am falſer than vows made in wine;
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.
Will you go, ſiſter? ſhepherd, ply her hard;
Come, ſiſter; ſhepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Roſ. Cel. *and* Corin.

Phe. Deed ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Syl. Sweet Phebe!

Phe. Hah: what ſay'ſt thou, Sylvius?

Syl. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why I am ſorry for thee, gentle Sylvius.

Syl. Where-ever ſorrow is, relief would be;

* By the word *foul* here is meant *ill favoured.*

If you do forrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your forrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haft my love; is not that neighbourly?

Syl. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were covetoufnefs.
Sylvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But fince that thou canft talk of love fo well,
Thy company, which erft was irkfome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladnefs that thou art employ'd.

Syl. So holy and fo perfect is my love,
And I in fuch a poverty of grace,
That I fhall think it a moft plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveft reaps: loofe now and then
A fcatter'd fmile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ft thou the youth that fpoke to me ere while!

Syl. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was mafter of.

Phe. " Think not I love him, tho' I afk for him;
" 'Tis but a peevifh boy, yet he talks well.
" But what care I for words? yet words do well,
" When he that fpeaks them, pleafes thofe that hear.
" It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
" But, fure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
" him.
" He'll make a proper man; the beft thing in him
" Is his complexion; and fafter than his tongue
" Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
" He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
" His leg is but fo fo, and yet 'tis well;
" There was a pretty rednefs in his lip,
" A little riper, and more lufty red,
" Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juft the diffe-
" rence
" Betwixt the conftant red and mingled damafk.
" There be fome women, Sylvius, had they mark'd him
" In parcels as I did, would have gone near

" To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
" I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
" I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
" For what had he to do to chide at me?
" He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
" And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me.
" I marvel why I answer'd not again;
" But that's all one, omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Sylvius?

Syl. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Sylvius. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in the forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reason to be sad; I fear you have sold your own lands to see

other mens; then, to have feen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes, and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

Enter Orlando.

Rof. And your experience makes you fad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me fad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day and happinefs, dear Rofalind!

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, and you talk in blank verfe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Rof. " Farewel, Monfieur Traveller; look you lifp, " and wear ftrange fuits; difable all the benefits of " your own country; be out of love with your nati- " vity, and almoft chide God for making you that " countenance you are; or I will fcarce think you " have fwam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando, " where have you been all this while? You a lover? " an you ferve me fuch another trick, never come in " my fight more.

Orla. My fair Rofalind, I come within an hour of my promife.

Rof. " Break an hour's promife in love! he that will " divide a minute into a thoufand parts, and break " but a part of the thoufandth part of a minute in the " affairs of love, it may be faid of him, that Cupid " hath clapt him o' th' fhoulder, but I'll warrant him " heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rofalind.

Rof. Nay, an you be fo tardy, come no more in my fight: I had as lief be woo'd of a fnail.

Orla. Of a fnail?

Rof. " Ay, of a fnail; for though he comes flowly, " he carries his houfe on his head: a better jointure, " I think, than you make a woman. Befides, he brings " his deftiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Rof. " Why, horns; which fuch as you are fain to " be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed " in his fortune, and prevents the flander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now an I were your very, very Rosalind?

Orla. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to intreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are; because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was,—Hero, of Sestos. But these are all lyes; men have

have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Rofalind of this mind; for I proteft her frown might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: but come; now I will be your Rofalind in a more coming-on difpofition; and afk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, Rofalind.

Rof. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Rof. Ay, and twenty fuch.

Orla. What fay'ft thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope fo.

Rof. Why then, can one defire too much of a good thing? Come, fifter, you fhall be the prieft, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you fay, fifter?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot fay the words.

Rof. You muft begin,——Will you, Orlando——

Cel. Go to; will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rofalind?

Orla. I will.

Rof. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as faft as fhe can marry us.

Rof. Then you muft fay, I take thee Rofalind for wife.

Orla. I take thee Rofalind for wife.

Rof. I might afk you for your commiffion, but I do take thee Orlando for my hufband: there's a girl goes before the prieft, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have poffefs'd her?

Orla. For ever and a day.

Rof. ' Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Or-
' lando: men are April when they woo, December
' when they wed; maids are May when they are maids,
' but the fky changes when they are wives: I will be
' more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pidgeon

'over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against 'rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy 'in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for no- 'thing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that 'when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like 'a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to weep.

Orla. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors fast upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering tongue of your's won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come death. Two o' th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most atheistical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my Roſalind; ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, Time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit* Orla.

SCENE III.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. O rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in it, it runs out.

Roſ. 'No that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that 'was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born 'of madneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes eve'ry one's eyes, becauſe his own are out; let him be 'judge how deep I am in love: I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the ſight of Orlando; I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Jaques, *Lords, and Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no ſong, Foreſter for this purpoſe?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſic, Song.

What ſhall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather ſkin and horns to wear;

Then

Then ſing him home : —— take thou no ſcorn,
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn :
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it ;
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [*Exeunt.*

The reſt ſhall bear this burthen.

SCENE V. *Enter* Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two o'clock ? I wonder much Orlando is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to ſleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Sylvius.

Syl. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this :
I know not the contents ; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor ; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer ; bear this, bear all.
She ſays I am not fair; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix : 'odds my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes ſhe ſo to me ? Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Syl. No, I proteſt I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leathern hand,
A free-ſtone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a huſwife's hand, but that's no matter ;
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Syl. Sure it is her's.

Roſ.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boiſtrous and a cruel ſtyle,
A ſtyle for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention;
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Syl. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me; mark how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Art thou God to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Syl. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beaſt!
If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Syl. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity. Wilt thou love ſuch a woman? what, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee? not to be endured! Well, go your way to her; (for I ſee love hath made thee a tame ſnake), and ſay this to her, *That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee; if ſhe will*

not, I will never have her, unless thou intreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit.* Syl.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote fence'd about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such years: *the boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends his bloody napkin. Are you he?
Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself.
' Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
' And high top bald with dry antiquity;
' A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
' Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
' A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
' Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
' The opening of his mouth; but suddenly

' Seeing

'Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
'And with indented glides did ſlip away
'Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade
'A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
'Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
'When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
'The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt,
'To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:'
This ſeen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his eldeſt brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother,
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do;
For, well I know, he was unnatural.

Roſ. But, to Orlando; did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Roſ. Was it you he reſcu'd?

Cel. Was it you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

Roſ. But for the bloody napkin?——

Oli. By, and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſart place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.——

Brief,

Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth,
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.

Cel. Why, how now Ganymede, ſweet Ganymede?

[Roſ. *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Couſin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. Would I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, Sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but, i'faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back,
How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The foreſt.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clown. WE ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the prieſt was good enough for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a moſt vile Mar-text! but, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no intereſt in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, William.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age. Is thy name *William?*

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Waſt born i' th' foreſt here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good anſwer. Art rich.

Will. 'Faith, Sir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not: it is but ſo, ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well: I do now remember a ſaying, *The fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty

 the

the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir.

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave the society, which in the boorish, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female: or Clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers; go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Ros. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæſar's thraſonical brag of I *came, ſaw,* and *overcame:* for your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy; and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to look into happineſs thro' another man's eyes! by ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things. I have, ſince I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, moſt

profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her. I know into what streights of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I say, I am a magician: therefore put you on your best array; bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

SCENE III. *Enter* Sylvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of her's.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness.
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despightful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. 'Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Syl. 'It is to be made all of sighs and tears,
'And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Syl. 'It is to be made all of faith and service;
'And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Syl. 'It is to be all made of fantasy,
'All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
'All adoration, duty, and observance,
'All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
'All purity, all trial, all observance;
'And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orla. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Roſ.

Syl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phe.

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, Why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ. Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the howſing of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you if I could; to-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be marry'd to-morrow; [*To* Phebe]. I will ſatisfy you, if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be marry'd to-morrow; [*To* Orl.]. I will content you, if what pleaſes you contents you; and you ſhall be married to-morrow; [*To* Syl.]. As you love Roſalind, meet; as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Syl. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. " I do deſire it with all my heart; and I hope " it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of " the world." Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentlemen.

Clo. By my troth, well met; come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i' th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

 SONG.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring-time: the pretty spring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the spring-time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie,
In the spring-time, &c.

The carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the spring-time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to another part of the forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke sen. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear their hap, and know their fear.

Enter

Enter Rofalind, Sylvius, *and* Phebe.

Rof. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urge'd:
You fay, if I bring in your Rofalind, [*To the Duke.*
You will beftow her on Orlando here?

Duke fen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rof. And you fay, you will have her when I bring her! [*To* Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Rof. You fay, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, fhould I die the hour after.

Rof. But if you do refufe to marry me,
You'll give yourfelf to this moft faithful fhepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Rof. You fay, that you'll have Phebe, if fhe will? [*To* Sylvius.

Syl. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Rof. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You your's, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or elfe, refufing me, to wed this fhepherd:
Keep your word, Sylvius, that you'll marry her,
If fhe refufe me; and from hence I go
To make thefe doubts all even. [*Exeunt* Rof. *and* Celia

Duke fen. I do remember in this fhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the firft time that I ever faw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is foreft-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many defperate ftudies by his uncle;
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obfcured in the circle of this foreft.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Clown *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is, fure, another flood toward, and thefe couples are coming to the ark. Here come a pair

pair of unclean beasts *, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation, and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clo. 'If any man doubt that, let him put me to my 'purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd 'a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth 'with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I 'have had four quarrels, and like to have fought 'one.'

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause?——Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Duke sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I desire of you the like. I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an "ill-favoured thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour "of mine, Sir, to take that that no man else will." Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases †.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. "Upon a lye seven times removed; (bear your "body more seeming, Audrey); as thus, Sir. I did "dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent "me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he "was in the mind it was. This is call'd the *Retort* "*courteous.* If I sent him word again, it was not well

* Noah was ordered to take into the ark the clean beasts by sevens, and the unclean by pairs.

† Meaning *love*, as what is apt to make folks sententious.

" cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe him-
" ſelf. This is call'd the *Quip modeſt*. If again, it
" was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment. This
" is call'd the *Reply churliſh*. If again, it was not
" well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true. This
" is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not
" well cut, he would ſay, I lye. This is call'd the
" *Counter-check quarrelſome*; and ſo, the *Lye circum-*
" *ſtantial*, and the *Lye direct*."

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. " I durſt go no farther than the *Lye circum-*
" *ſtantial*; nor he durſt not give me the *Lye direct*,
" and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords and parted."

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lye?

Clo. " O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as
" you have books for good manners. I will name you
" the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the
" ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply
" churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth,
" the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lye
" with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lye direct.
" All theſe you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and
" you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew, when
" ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when
" the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought
" but of an If; as, If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo;
" and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your
" If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If."

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke ſen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in woman's cloaths, and* Celia.

Still muſic.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heav'n,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good

Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither:
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself; for I am your's [*To the* Duke.
To you I give myself; for I am your's. [*To* Orlando.

Duke sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, hoa! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord;
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather:
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown.
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town.
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, God of every town!

Duke sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Ev'n daughter-welcome, in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Jaques de Boyes.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing, how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:
Play, music; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honour I bequeath, [*To the* Duke.
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;
[*To* Orla.
You to your land, and love, and great allies; [*To* Oli.
You to a long and well deserved bed; [*To* Syl.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
[*To the* Clown.
Is but for two months victual'd: so to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke sen. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

E P I L O G U E.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them), to like as much as pleases them: that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman *, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make my curt'sie, bid me farewel. [*Exeunt omnes.*

* Note, that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

The TAMING of the SHREW.

CHARACTERS in the INDUCTION.

A Lord, before whom the play is ſuppos'd to be play'd.
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hoſteſs.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baptista, *father to Catharina and Bianca; very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of Piſa.*
Lucentio, *ſon to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*
Petruchio, *a gentleman of Verona, a ſuitor to Catharina.*
Gremio, Hortenſio, } *pretenders to Bianca.*
Tranio, Biondello, } *ſervants to Lucentio.*
Grumio, *ſervant to Petruchio.*
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate Vincentio.*
Catharina, *the ſhrew.*
Bianca, *her ſiſter.*
Widow.
Taylor, Haberdaſhers; with ſervants attending on Baptiſta and Petruchio.

SCENE, ſometimes in Padua, and ſometimes in Petruchio's houſe in the country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an alehouſe on a heath.

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Sly.

Sly. I'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror; therefore *paucus pallabris* *; let the world ſlide: *Seſſa.*

* Meaning *pocus palabras*, Spaniſh, *few words.* Mr. Theobald.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a deniere: go by, Jeronimo *—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third borough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

SCENE II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Leech Merriman, the poor cur is imbost;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the meerest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and lothsome is thy image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

* *Go by, Jeronimo,* was a kind of by-word in the author's days, as appears by its being used in the same manner by Ben Johnson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other writers near that time. It arose first from a passage in an old play called *Heironymo,* or, *The Spanish tragedy.*

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd in ſweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet.
Procure me muſic ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence
Say, what is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;
And ſay, Wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe;
Perſuade him that he hath been lunatic.
And when he ſays he is,——ſay that he dreams;
For he is nothing but a mighty Lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out* Sly. *Sound trumpets.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet is that ſounds.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman that means, [*Ex. ſervant.*
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.

SCENE III. *Re-enter servant.*

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honour, players
That offer ſervice to your Lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2 Play. So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lord. with all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think 'twas Soto that your Honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didſt it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modeſties,
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his Honour never heard a play),
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my Lord, we can contain ourſelves;
Were he the verieſt antic in the world.

2 Play. [*to the other.*] Go get a diſhclout to make clean your ſhoes, and I'll ſpeak for the properties.

[*Exit player.*

My Lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that the houſe affords.

[*Exit one with the players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And ſee him dreſs'd in all ſuits like a lady.

That

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him Madam, do him all obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love),
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accomplished;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say, What is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her Noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself
No better than a poor and lothsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despight enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise will go into extremes. [*Exit Lord.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Enter Sly *with attendants, some with apparel, bason, and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your Lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your Honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly, call not me Honour, nor Lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle humour in your Honour!
Oh that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!——

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christophero Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-marker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's——

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
Oh, Noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark, Apollo plays; [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their

Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks will ſoar
Above the morning-lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy greyhounds are as
As breathed ſtags; ay, fleeter than the roe. [ſwift

2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook; [ſtraight
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhew thee Io, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the dead was done.

3 *Man.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And till the tears that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I Lord, and have I ſuch a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dreamed till now?
I do not ſleep; I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things.
Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Chriſtophero Sly.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our ſight,
And once again a pot o' th' ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your Mightineſs to waſh your
Oh, how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd! [hands?
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.

For

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the leet,
Becauſe ſhe bought ſtone-jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up; [maid,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henery Pimpernell,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.——

Sly. By th' maſs, I think I am a Lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man. Sim, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sly. Sim? that's as much as to ſay Simeon or Simon; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

[*The ſervant gives him drink.*

SCENE V. *Enter Lady with attendants.*

I thank thee;——thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Lady. How fares my Noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where's my wife?

Lady. Here, Noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me huſband?
My men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſ-
I am your wife in all obedience. [band;

Sly. I know it well: what muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce Madam, or *Joan Madam?*

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo Lords call Ladies.

Sly. Come, ſit down on my knee. Sim, drink to her.
Madam wife, they ſay that I have dream'd, and ſlept above ſome fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam,

Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed. Sim, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice-noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet;
For your phyſicians have expreſsly charge'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed;
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long; but I would be loth to fall into my dream again. I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. Your Honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy;
For ſo your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood;
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy.
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment;
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a commodity? a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold-ſtuff?

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: come, Madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne'er be younger.

The TAMING of the SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A street in Padua.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

Luc. TRanio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy:
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good-will, and thy good company:
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies:
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being; and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world:
Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii,
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
To virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me my mind, for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself:
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no Stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,

As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjur'd.
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetoric in your common talk;
Muſic and poeſy uſe to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphyſics,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you.
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well doſt thou adviſe;
If Biondello, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what company is this?
Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow to welcome us to town.

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta, *with* Catharina *and* Bianca, Gremio *and* Hortenſio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *ſtand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd, you know;
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love Catharina,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather.—She's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortenſio, will you any wife?
Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder mould.
Cath. I'faith, Sir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra.

Tra. Hush, master, here's some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well said, Master; mum! and gaze your fill. [*Aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in;
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Cath. A pretty peat! it is best put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio, thou may'st hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange!
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca.—— [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry;
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up
And so farewel. Catharina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Cath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew

knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not ſo great, Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both ſides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my ſweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.——

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil. Think'ſt thou, Hortenſio, tho' her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, Gremio; tho' it paſs your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipp'd at the high-croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's a ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come, ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping Baptiſta's eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have to't afreſh. Sweet Bianca! happy man be his dole! he that runs faſteſt gets the ring; how ſay you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the

beſt horſe in Padua to begin his wooing, that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortenſio.

SCENE IV. *Manent* Tranio *and* Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?
Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found th' effect of *love in idleneſs*:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,
(That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was);
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl.
Counſel me, Tranio, for, I know, thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath toil'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.
Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the Cretan ſtrand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.——
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance:
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her eldeſt ſiſter is ſo curs'd and ſhrewd,

That

That till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta;—content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus.
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead;
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient,
(For so your father charge'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he),
Altho, I think, 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, be so; because Lucentio loves;

And let me be a ſlave t'atchieve that maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? Maſter, has my fellow Tranio ſtol'n your cloaths, or you ſtol'n his, or both? Pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jeſt;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to ſave my life.
You underſtand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.——

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is change'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after; that Lucentio indeed had Baptiſta's youngeſt daughter. But, ſirrah, not for my ſake, but your maſter's, I adviſe you, uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am Tranio; but in all places elſe, your maſter Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute, to make one among theſe wooers; if thou aſk me why, ſufficeth my reaſons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Before Hortenſio's houſe in Padua.*

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in Padua; but of all
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio;

Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is the houſe;
Here, ſirrah, Grumio, knock, I ſay *.

Enter Hortenſio †.

Hor. Alla noſtra caſa ben venuto, molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio ‡.

* ———knock I ſay.
Gru. Knock, Sir? whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your Worſhip?
Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.
Gru. Knock you here, Sir! why, Sir, what am I, Sir,
That I ſhould knock you here, Sir?
Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, Sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it.
I'll try how you can Sol, Fa, and ſing it. [*He wrings him by the ears.*
Gru. Help, Maſters, help; my Maſter is mad.
Pet. Now knock, when I bid you; Sirrah! Villain!
Enter, &c.

† ———Hortenſio.
Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! how do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortenſio, come you to part the fray!
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I ſay.
Hor. Alla, &c.

‡ ———*mio Petruchio.*
Riſe, Grumio, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you, Sir; he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being, perhaps, for aught I ſee, two and thirty, a pip out!
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not Grumio come by the worſt.
Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!———Good Hortenſio,
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! ſpake you not theſe words pl[illegible] knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly? and come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.
Hor. Petruchio, Patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
[illegible] is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you.
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant Grumio;
And tell me now, &c.

 And

And tell me now, ſweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home;
Where ſmall experience grows but in a mew.
Signior Hortenſio, thus it ſtands with me:
Antonio my father is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel;
And yet, I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as us
Few words ſuffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife;
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance),
Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' * love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curs'd and ſhrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worſe,
She moves me not; or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection ſieg'd in coin. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling Adriatic ſeas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily, in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes; why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,

* This I ſuppoſe relates to a circumſtance in ſome Italian novel, and ſhould be read, *Florentio's*. Mr. *Warburton*.

Brought

Brought up as beſt becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that ſhe is intolerably curs'd,
And ſhrewd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect;
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' ſhe chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is *Catharina Minola*.
Renown'd in Padua for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, tho' I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed father well.
I will not ſleep, Hortenſio, till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an' he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I muſt go with thee,
For in Baptiſta's houſe my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd),
That ever Catharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptiſta ta'en,
That none ſhall have acceſs unto Bianca,

Till

Till Catharine the curs'd have got a husband.

Gru. Catharine the curst?
A title for a maid of all titles the worst!

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster,
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her;
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio, *and* Lucentio *disguis'd.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Master, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, Grumio, 'tis the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous.——

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love; see that, at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me.——Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly, as yourself were still in place;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you whether I am going? to Baptista Minola; I promis'd to inquire carefully about a schoolmaster for the

fair Bianca; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man; for learning and behaviour fit for her turn, well read in poety, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,——and that my deeds ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Liſten to me; and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt Catharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.

Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well;——
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults!

Pet. I know ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, Maſters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, ſayeſt me ſo, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's ſon;
My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to ſee.

Gre. Oh, Sir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife were ſtrange;
But if you have a ſtomach, to't o' God's name;
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
' Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
' Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
' Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
' Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
' Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
' And heav'n's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
' Have I not in a pitched battle heard

' Loud

'Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
'And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
'That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,
'As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?'
Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.——

Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and our's.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors;
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

SCENE VII.

To them Tranio *bravely apparell'd, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her; what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir. Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*

Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No, if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know:
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my Masters; if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have,
And ſo ſhe ſhall. Lucentio ſhall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to ſpeed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?

Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee Baptiſta's daughter?

Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth:
The youngeſt daughter, whom you harken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be ſo, Sir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me among the reſt;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs; whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive:
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack; in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye, we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Grum. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.

Hor.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo.
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*
[The preſenters above ſpeak here.

1 Man. *My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yea, by St. Ann, do I: a good matter, ſurely! comes there any more of it?*

Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady. Would 'twere done!*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's houſe in Padua.

Enter Catharina *and* Bianca.

Bian. GOOD ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf,
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain; but for theſe other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf;
Yea, all my raiment to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me, will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Cath. Of all thy ſuitors here, I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.

Bian. Believe me, ſiſter, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Cath. Minion, thou lyeſt; is't not Hortenſio?

Bian. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.

Cath. Oh, then, belike you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio, to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do ſo envy me?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now, I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, ſiſter Kate, untie my hands.

Cath. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide; poor girl, ſhe weeps;

Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Cath. Her silence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.
Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* Bianca.
Cath. Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see,
She is your treasure; she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.* Cath.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Gremio; Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man;* Petruchio, *with* Hortensio *like a musician;* Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, Gentlemen.
Pet. And you, good Sir. Pray, have you not a daughter called *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, called *Catharina.*
Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio, give me leave,
I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wonderous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
[*Presenting* Hor.
I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter Catharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, let us that are poor petitioners speak too.—*Baccalare!*— you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing.—Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at Reims, [*Presenting* Luc.], as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics; his name is *Cambio*; pray accept his service.

Bapt. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle Sir, methinks you walk like a stranger, [*To* Tranio.]; may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request;
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,

There

I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
[*They greet privately.*
Bap. *Lucentio* is your name; of whence I pray?
Tra. Of Piſa, Sir, ſon to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take you the lute, and you the ſet of books,
[*To* Hortenſio *and* Lucentio.
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead theſe gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them both,
Theſe are their tutors, bid them uſe them well.
[*Exit Serv. with* Hortenſio *and* Lucentio.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are paſſing welcome;
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.
Pet. Signior Baptiſta, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death the one half of my lands;
And in poſſeſſion twenty thouſand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood, be it that ſhe ſurvive me,
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever;
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds;
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

SCENE III. *Enter* Hortenſio *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?
Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.
Bap. What! will my daughter prove a good muſician?
Hor. I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why then, thou canſt not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets call you them? quoth ſhe; I'll fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While ſhe did call me *raſcal fidler,*
And *twangling Jack,* with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have ſome chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited;
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter Kate to you?
Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here.
[*Exit* Bap. *with* Grem. Horten. *and* Tranio.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say that ſhe frowns; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear

As

As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay, ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banes, and when be married.
But here ſhe comes, and now, Petruchio, ſpeak.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.
Cath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing.
They call me *Catharine* that do talk of me.
Pet. You lye, in faith; for you are called *plain Kate*,
And *bonny Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate the curs'd*:
But *Kate*, the pretrieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*;
(For dainties are all *cates*), and therefore *Kate*;
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation!
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs:
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Cath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the firſt
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Cath. A join'd ſtool.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.
Cath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Cath. No ſuch jade, Sir, as you; if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee
For knowing thee to be but young and light.——
Cath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be *.

Pet.

* ——— weight ſhould be.
Pet. Should *bee*——ſhould *buz*.——
Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth you 'scape not so.
Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very lyar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ascance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk.
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conf'rence, soft and affable.

Pet. Oh, slow wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?
Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come; you wasp, i' faith you are too angry.
Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail ——
Cath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Cath. Your's, if you talk of tails; and so farewel.
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
Cath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*
Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Cath. So may you lose your arms.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.
Cath. What is your crest, a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate; come, you must not look so sour.
Cath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not so sour.
Cath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then shew it me.
Cath. Had I glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Cath. Well aim'd of such a young one.——
Pet. Now, by St. George, I am too young for you.
Cath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Cath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, &c.

Why

Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous world! Kate like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtraight and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle-nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did ever Dian ſo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful! —

Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, ſo I mean, ſweet Catharine, in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms: Your father hath conſented,
That you ſhall be my wife; your dow'ry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn;
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well),
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate,
Conformable as other houſhold Kates.
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I muſt and will have Catharine to my wife.

SCENE V. *Enter* Baptiſta, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how ſpeed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Catharine, in your dumps?

Cath. Call you me daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You've ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatic;
A madcap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: Yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curs'd, it is for policy,
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, ſhe will prove a ſecond Grizel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chaſtity;
And to conclude, we've 'greed ſo well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on Sunday firſt.

Gre. Hark: Petruchio! ſhe ſays ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night, our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curs'd in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; oh, the kindeſt Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame (when men and women are alone)
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day;
Father, provide the feaſt, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure my Catharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give your hands;
God ſend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace,
We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Catharine *ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?

Bap. Faith, Gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,

And

And venture madly on a deſperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gain I ſeek is quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling! thou can'ſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife.
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have Bianca's love. ——
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of Tyrian tapeſtry;
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpanes,
Coſtly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, Turky cuſhions boſs'd with pearl;
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work;
Pewter and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is her's,
If, whilſt, I live, ſhe will be only mine.
Tra. That *only* came well in. —— Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to so much in all.
That she shall have, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marseilles's road.
What, have I choak'd you with an Argosie?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great Argosies, besides to galliasses,
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own: else you must pardon me;
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, Gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd.
On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Catharine is to be married.
Now on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.——Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have face'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to do my master good,
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

May

May get a father, call'd, ſuppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

[The preſenters, above, ſpeak here.

Sly. *Sim, when will the fool come again?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's ſome more drink here—Where's the tapſter? Here, Sim, eat ſome of theſe things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Baptiſta's houſe.

Enter Lucentio, Hortenſio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. FIdler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter Catharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. Wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſic we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſic was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice.
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf;
And to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[Hortensio *retires.*

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat,* as I told you before; *Simois,* I am Lucentio; *hic est,* son unto Vincentio of Pisa; *Sigeia tellus,* disguised thus to get your love; *hic steterat,* and that Lucentio that comes a wooing; *Priami,* is my man Tranio; *regia,* bearing my port; *celsa senis,* that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it. *Hac ibat Simois,* I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus,* I trust you not; *hic steterat Priami,* take heed he hear us not; *regia,* presume not; *celsa senis,* despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our pedant!
Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;
*Pedascalo**, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not;—for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

* He would have said *didascale;* but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *pedascale* in imitation of it, from *pedant.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am paſs'd my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortenſio.

Bian. [*reading*] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,
Are, to plead Hortenſio's paſſion;
Bi mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord;
Cfaut, that loves with all affection;
D ſol re, one cliff, but two notes have I,
Elami, ſhow pity, or I die,
Call you this *gamut*? tut, I like it not:
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice
To change true rules for new inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone,
[*Exit.*

Luc. 'Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay.
[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wand'ring eyes on every ſtale;
Seize thee who liſt; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Catherine, Lucentio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Cath'rine and Petruchio ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law.

What will be ſaid! what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays Lucentio to this ſhame of ours!

Cath. No ſhame, but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be force'd
To give my hand oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen:
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man.
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor Catherine,
And ſay, Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Catharine, and Baptiſta too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe:
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Cath. Would Catherine had never ſeen him tho'!
[*Exit. weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

SCENE III. *Enter* Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter; old news, and ſuch news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. 'Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and
' an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd;
' a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buc-
' kled, another lace'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out
' of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chape-
' less, with two broken points; his horse hipp'd with
' an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; be-
' sides possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in
' the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected with
' the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins,
' raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark
' spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots,
' waid in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd
' before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall
' of sheep's leather; which being restrain'd, to keep
' him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now
' repair'd with knots; one girt six times piece'd, and a
' woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters
' for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and
' there piece'd with pack-thread.'

Bap. ' Who comes with him?

Bion. 'Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world capa-
' rison'd like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg,
' and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a
' red and blue list, an old hat, and * *the humour of forty*
' *fancies* prick'd up in't for a feather: a monster, a ve-
' ry monster in apparel, and not like a Christian foot-
' boy, or a gentleman's lackey.'

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fa-
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd. (shion;

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came not?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

* Some ballad or drollery of that time is here ridiculed.

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantastically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?
Bap. You're welcome, Sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First, were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.
Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in some part inforced to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall be well satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs. [*Exit.*

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn);
And he ſhall be Vincentio of Piſa,
And make aſſurance here in Padua
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed:
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet Bianca with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-ſchoolmaſter
Doth watch Bianca's ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſte[al] our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay, No.
I'll keep my own, deſpight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into.
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll over-reach the grey-beard Gremio,
The narrow-prying father Minola,
The quaint muſician amorous Licio;
All for my maſter's ſake, Lucentio.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Gremio.

Now, Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. But, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio; when the prieſt
Should aſk, if Catherine ſhould be his wife?

Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That all-amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.

Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?

Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
" He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
" H'ad been aboard carouſing to his mates
" After a ſtorm: quaft off the muſcadel,
" And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
" Having no other cauſe, but that his beard
" Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aſk
" His ſops as he was drinking. This done he took
" The bride about the neck, and kiſs'd her lips
" With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
" All the church echo'd;" and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame; and after me,
I know, the rout is coming. Such a mad marriage
Ne'er was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the minſtrels.
[*Muſic plays.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortenſio, *and* Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding-cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to-night?

Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would intreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf

To

To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content ——

Cath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall intreat my ſtay?
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.

Pet. Grumio, my horſes.

Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horſes *.

Cath. Nay, then.
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way.
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go till I pleaſe myſelf.
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee, pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what haſt thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command,
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carowſe full meaſure to her maidenhead;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourſelves:
But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,

* That is, the diſtemper ſo called.

My

My houshold-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in Padua: Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset by thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* Pet. *and* Cath.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bride-groom wants
For to supply the places at the table;
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;
Lucentio, you supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio: Gentlemen, let's go.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Petruchio's country-house.

Enter Grumio.

Grumio. FIE, fie on all tired jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raied? was ever man so weary? I am sent before, to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I with

with blowing the fire ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa, Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore, fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this froſt: but thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and thyſelf, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs? whoſe hand, ſhe being now at hand, thou ſhalt ſoon feel to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, *Jack boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt* *.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of coneycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobweb ſwept, the ſerving-men in their new fuſtain, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

* This ſeems to be a fragment of ſome old balad.

Curt.

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſt'ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs.

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. "Tell thou the tale—— But hadſt thou not
" croſs'd me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe
" fell, and ſhe under her horſe: thou ſhould'ſt have heard
" in how miry a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he
" left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me
" becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through
" the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how
" ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd;
" how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt;
" how I loſt my crupper; with many things worthy of
" memory, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou
" return unexperience'd to thy grave."

Curt. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt; let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'ſy with their left legs, and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems, that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five ſerving-men.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Joſ. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad.

Gru. "Welcome, you; how now, you; what you; "fellow, you; and thus much for greeting." Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready; how near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——cock's paſſion, ſilence!——I hear my maſter.

SCENE II. *Enter* Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? what, no man at door to hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here Sir?
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms:
What! no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain, you whoreſon, malt-horſe [drudge,
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made;
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat;
And Walter's dagger was not come from ſheathing:

There

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt servants.*

Where is the life that late I led? [*Singing.*
Where are those ——— Sit down, Kate,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue! you villains, when?

It was the friar of orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate: some water, here; what, hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither;
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, mutton?

1 *Serv.* Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these? where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*

You heedless jolt heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What,

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.
Cath. I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away.
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it:
For it ingenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did faſt,
Since, of ourſelves, ourſelves are choleric,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh.
Be patient, for to-morrow't ſhall be mended,
And for this night we'll faſt for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ſervants ſeverally.

Nath. Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, a ſervant.

Curt. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continency to her,
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak;
And ſits as one new riſen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty;
And till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorge'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhall not:
As with the meat ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, that way the ſheets;

Ay; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs; ——
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak, 'tis charity to ſhew. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before Baptiſta's houſe.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

Tra. Is't poſſible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, Sir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
Hor. To ſatisfy you, Sir, in what I ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
They ſtand by.

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, Miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, Maſter, read you? firſt reſolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art of love.
Bian. And may you prove, Sir, maſter of your art!
Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*They retire backward.*

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I pray, you that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca lov'd none in the world ſo well as Lucentio.

Tra. Deſpightful Love, unconſtant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not Licio,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio.*
Tra. Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,

Forſwear

Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court! — Signior Lu-
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow [centio,
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' ſhe intreat.
Fie on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forſworn
For me, that I may ſurely keep mine oath, [her!
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days paſs, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard.
And ſo farewel, Signior Lucentio.
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before. [*Exit.* Hor.

Tra. Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace,
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forſworn you with Hortenſio.

[Lucentio *and* Bianca *come forward.*

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt: but have you both forſworn

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have. [me?

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He ſays ſo, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he's gone into the taming-ſchool.

Bian. The taming-ſchool? what is there ſuch a place?

Tra. Ay, Miſtreſs, and Petruchio is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

SCENE V. *Enter* Biondello, *running.*

Bion. Oh Maſter, Maſter, I have watch'd ſo long,
That I am dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpy'd
An ancient engle, going down the hill,

Will ſerve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Maſter, a mercantant, or elſe a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel;
In gate and countenance ſurely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem Vincentio,
And give aſſurance to Baptiſta Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir: you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?

Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, Sir; God forbid!
And come to Padua, careleſs of your life?

Pet. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and muſt here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courteſy,
This will I do, and this will I adviſe you;
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at Piſa?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in Piſa have I often been;
Piſa, renown'd for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all
one. [*Aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit ſhall you undertake;
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd:
Look, that you take upon you as you ſhould.
You underſtand me, Sir: ſo ſhall you ſtay,
Till you have done your buſineſs in the city.
If this be curt'ſy, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptiſta's daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Catharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forſooth; I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite ap-
What, did he marry me to famiſh me? [pears;
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all thoſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death.
I pry'thee, go, and get me ſome repaſt;

I care not what, ſo it be wholſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too flegmatic a meat.
How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell;—I fear 'tis choleric:
What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard?

Cath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru, Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru, Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard.
Or elſe you get no beef of Grumio.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the muſtard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio, *with meat.*

Pet. How fares my Kate? what, ſweeting, all amort?

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits; look chearfully upon me;
Here, Love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
I'm ſure, ſweet Kate, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay; then thou lov'ſt it not:
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof.
Here, take away the diſh.

Cath. I pray you, let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie, you are to blame:
Come, Miſtreſs Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortenſio, if thou loveſt me;--- (*Aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe,
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings:
With ruffs and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, haſt thou din'd? the tailor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruſtling treaſure,

SCENE VII. *Enter Tailor.*

Come, Tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your Worſhip did beſpeak.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet diſh; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſte.
Cath. Why, Sir, I truſt I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the utmoſt as I pleaſe in words.
Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown; why, ay; come, Tailor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, Heav'n, what maſking ſtuff is here?
What! this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſor in a barber's ſhop:
Why, what a devil's name, Tailor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee ſhe's like to've neither cap nor gown. [*Aſide.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Cath. I never ſaw a better-faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She ſays, your Worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O moſt monſtruous arrogance!
Thou lyeſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread:
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt.
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your Worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction.
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tai. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt face'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be face'd, nor brav'd. I

ſay

ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou lyeſt.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lyes in's throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tai. *Imprimis*, a looſe-bodied gown.

Gru. "Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, "ſow me up in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death "with a bottom of brown thread. I ſaid a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a ſmall compaſt cape.

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tai. With a trunk-ſleeve.

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tai. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhou'dſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my miſtreſs's gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think
Take up my miſtreſs's gown unto his maſter's uſe! [for:
Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay, thou wilt ſee the tailor paid. (*Aſide.*
Go, take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come my Kate, we will unto your father's,

Even

Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array;
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Cath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;
And it will be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it; Sirs, let's alone,
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so; this gallant will command the sun,
[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Hor.

[The presenters, above, speak here.]

Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly *sleeps.*

Enter servants.

Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

Serv. *It shall be done, my Lord; come, help to bear him hence.* [*They bear off* Sly.

SCENE IX. *Before Baptista's house.*

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dress'd like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else! and (but I be deceived),
Signior Baptista may remember me

Near

Near twenty years ago in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus.
Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any cafe
With fuch aufterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were fchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him; firrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advife you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But haft thou done thy errand to Baptifta?
Bion. I told him that your father was in Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Th' art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes Baptifta; fet your countenance, Sir.

SCENE X. *Enter* Baptifta *and* Lucentio.

Tra. Signior Baptifta, you are happily met.
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you ftand, good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, fon, Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in fome debts, my fon Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty caufe
Of love between your daughter and himfelf:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And fhe to him; to ftay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd; and if you pleafe to like
No worfe than I, Sir, upon fome agreement,
Me fhall you find moft ready and moft willing
With one confent to have her fo beftowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptifta, of whom I hear fo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to fay:
Your plainnefs and your fhortnefs pleafe me well.
Right true it is, your fon Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and fhe loveth him,

Or both diſſemble deeply their affections;
And therefore, if you ſay no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done.
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know beſt,
Be we affied; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants;
Beſides, old Gremio is heark'ning ſtill;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my father lie; and there this night
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua.
And how ſhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods ſhe may, with all my heart! [*Exit.*

Tra. Dally not with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptiſta, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in Piſa.

Bap. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Enter* Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum;* to the church take the priest, clark, and some sufficient honest witnesses: if this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, but bid Bianca farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbet; and so may you, Sir; and so, adieu, Sir; my master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII. *A green lane.*

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, *and* Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Cath. The moon! the sun: it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Cath. Forward I pray, ſince we are come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh-candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay it is the moon.
Cath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Cath. Then, God be bleſs'd it is the bleſſed ſun,
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for Catharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhould run;
And not unluckily againſt the bias.
But ſoft, ſome company is coming here.

SCENE XIII. *Enter* Vincentio.

Good-morrow, gentle Miſtreſs, where away?
[*To* Vincentio.
Tell me, ſweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars beſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heav'nly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's ſake,
Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
* *Cath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,

Whither

* *In the firſt ſketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two ſpeeches in this place worth preſerving, and ſeeming to be of the hand of Shakeſpear, tho' the reſt of that play is far inferior.* Mr. Pope.

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethyſts, or gliſtering hyacinth———
———Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman.———

Cath.

Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not mad!
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Cath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaken eyes;
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandſire, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleſt; if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Miſtreſs,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſon;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may intitle thee my loving father:
The ſiſter of my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.

Cath. Fair lovely Lady, bright and chryſtalline,
Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes her dawning beams,
And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks,
Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full-joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Vin.

Hor Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Lucentio's house.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca, Gremio *walking on one side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can.
[*Exit.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio, *and* Grumio, *with attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more towards the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.
[Pedant *looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was beloved in Padua. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Piſa, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lyeſt; his father is come to Padua, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen ſome body in this city under my countenance.

SCENE II. *Enter* Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together. God ſend 'em good ſhipping! But who is here! mine old maſter Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope I may chuſe, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What! have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain! didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, Sir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murder me.

Ped. Help, ſon; help, Signior Baptiſta.

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

Enter Pedant *with servants*, Baptista, *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir! Nay, what are you, Sir? Oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the university.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a madman. Why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is *Lucentio*: and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! oh, he hath murdered his master; lay hold of him, I charge you in the Duke's name; oh, my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to jail!

Gre. Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch'd in this business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio?

Gre.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh, monſtrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Exeunt* Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant.

SCENE III.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended? where is Lucentio!

Luc. Here's Lucentio, right ſon to the right Vincentio.
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine:
While counterfeit ſuppoſers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd villain Tranio,
That face'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is change'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:
What Tranio did, myſelf inforce'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my daughter without aſking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptiſta, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenge'd on this villain. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca, thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[Petruchio

[Petruchio *and* Catharina, *advancing*.

Cath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, Kate, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid! but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, ſirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs; now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. is not this well? come, my ſweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV. *Changes to Lucentio's apartments* *.

Enter Baptiſta, Petruchio, Hortenſio, Lucentio, *and the reſt*.

Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the veriest ſhrew of all.

Pet.

*——*apartments*.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortenſio, and *widow*. Tranio's *ſervants bringing in a banquet*.

Luc. At laſt, tho' long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf ſame kindneſs welcome thine;
Brother Petruchio, ſiſter Catharine,
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow,
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe:
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe.
I mean, Hortenſio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath.

Pet. Well, I ſay, no; and therefore for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his wife, and he
Whoſe wife is moſt obedient to come firſt,
When he doth ſend for her, ſhall win the wager.

Cath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes Hortenſio that?
Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended; kiſs him for that, good widow.
Cath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round——
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning.
Cath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Cath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate.
Hor. To her, widow.
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad. [*Drinks to Hortenſio.*
Bap. How likes Gremio theſe quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.
Bian. Head and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, Miſtreſs Bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll ſleep again.
Pet. Nay, that thou ſhalt not, ſince you have begun:
Have at you for a better jeſt or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh:
And then purſue me, as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* Bianca, Catharine, *and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio.
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;
Therefore a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.
Tra. Oh, Sir, Lucentio ſlipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you there?
Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Enter Baptiſta, *&c.*

Hor. Content,——what wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who ſhall begin?

Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your miſtreſs come to me:

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myſelf.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

Bion. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and cannot come.

Pet. How? ſhe's buſy, and cannot come, is that an anſwer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.

Pet. Oh, oh! intreat her! nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Your's will not be intreated. Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.

Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd.
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs,
Say, I command her to come to me. [*Exit* Gru.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Enter* Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes Catharine!
Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you fend for me?
Pet. Where is your fifter, and Hortenfio's wife?
Cath. They fit conferring by the parlour-fire.
Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them foundly forth unto their hufbands;
Away, I fay, and bring them hither ftraight.
[*Exit* Catharina.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And fo it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right fupremacy:
And, to be fhort, what not that's fweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haft won; and I will add
Unto their loffes twenty thoufand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter;
For fhe is change'd as fhe had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And fhow more fign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca, *and Widow.*

See, where fhe comes, and brings your froward wives
As prifoners to her womanly perfuafion.
Catharine, that cap of your's becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a caufe to figh,
Till I be brought to fuch a filly pafs.
Bian. Fie, what a foolifh duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolifh too!
The wifdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Coft me an hundred crowns fince fupper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell thefe headftrong women,
What duty they owe to their lords and hufbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I ſay, and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall; and firſt begin with her.
Cath. Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
" It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
" Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
" And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
" A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
" Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
" And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
" Will dain to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
" Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
" Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
" And for thy maintenance: commits his body
" To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
" To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
" While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
" And craves not other tribute at thy hands,
" But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
" Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
" Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
" Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
" And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
" And not obedient to his honeſt will;
" What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
" And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?
" I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
" To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
" Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
" When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
" Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
" Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
" But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
" Should well agree with our external parts?"
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of your's,
My heart as great, my reaſon haply more.
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I ſee, our launces are but ſtraws,

Our ſtrength is weak, our weakneſs paſt compare;
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are *.

Enter two ſervants bearing Sly *in his own apparel, and leaving him on the ſtage. Then enter a* Tapſter.

Sly *awaking.*] *Sim, give's ſome more wine—What, all the players gone? am not I a Lord?*

Tap. *A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk ſtill?*

Sly. *Who's this? Tapſter! oh, I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heardſt in all thy life.*

Tap. *Yea, marry, but thou hadſt beſt get thee home, for your wife will courſe you for dreaming here all night.*

Sly. *Will ſhe?* I know how to tame a ſhrew. *I dream'd upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if ſhe anger me.*

* ——— indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.
Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiſs me, Kate.
Luc. Why, go thy ways, old lad, for thou ſhalt ha't.
Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.
Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed;
We two are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And being a winner, God give you good night.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Catharina.
Hor. Now, go thy ways thou haſt tam'd a curs'd ſhrew.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter, &c.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.